

COMFORT.

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COMFORT.

By MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

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NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

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NEW YORK:  
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,  
38 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.



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EDWARD O. JENKINS' SONS,  
*Printers and Electrotypers,*  
20 NORTH WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

*To the toilers and sufferers, on the way to  
the “better country,” may these words come  
with something of help and healing.*



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# COMFORT.

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## WHY.

TWO friends held converse glad, of life and  
work,

Beside the way. One said, with tender smile,  
And tone that sweet belied the caustic words,  
"But if the world should frown, or worse,  
should smile

At your poor songs, and throw at you in scorn  
That saying of your poet best-beloved,  
Your English-Tuscan singer, singing late  
In Italy's fair Florence, toward the sea—  
Those words about the swallows and the larks  
All singing at the dawn—you know the place  
I mean—'tis in your dear 'Aurora,' there."

Whereat, uplifting eyes of sweetest calm,  
The other, smiling too, thus made reply:  
"Ah, yes, I know the words by heart. Full oft

I've said them o'er: 'Alas, near all the birds  
Will sing at dawn, and yet we do not take  
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark.'  
She truly sung—though swallows are God's  
birds,  
And haply have some use, or cheer some  
hearts.  
For me, my songs came not at dawn, but came  
In later hour to fill a vacant space  
When, for awhile, the lark's bright morning  
praise  
Hath ceased, and nightingales have not begun  
Their wondrous trills of luscious melody.

I soar not with the holy lark, I know,  
Through Heaven's far blue, back-dropping  
from the heights,  
Divinest notes of song, but in the vales  
Deep down and still, where robins and the wrens  
Full-throated praise, I sit and sing obscure,  
With scantier largess for the few  
Who care or need. I give to them such notes  
As God gives *me*, and if, one day, some heart  
Shall say to me, 'Your low song comforted,

Or helped, or made me better, such or such  
A time, when sorrow's weight pressed hard  
and cold,

Or dark discouragement o'ershadowed me,  
Or some temptation lured me from the good,  
Why, then, God gives to me, enfolded there,  
My whole ambition's height—to simply be  
To fellow-pilgrims but the trembling chord  
Wherewith He wakes the music of His songs  
Of consolation, in their nights of need—  
So winning, too, perhaps, the love-look  
From his eyes, the noblest and most precious  
crown

His children wear."

"*His* love-look," murmured low  
The first voice, then—"Ah, that were worth  
all loss.

And that once gained, no song of nightingale  
Or holy lark could higher reach. Sing, then,  
Dear happy bird, all songs that fill your heart,  
Content, indeed, if God's own voice take up  
Your trembling notes, and sing them glad and  
clear,

To burdened souls, or if, through Heaven's  
bright clash

Of harmonies, His ear detect the thrill  
Of heart-swept strings, tuned but for Him,  
And hear that you have sung the part He set  
You, as He meant."

## THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I WAS sitting alone towards the twilight,  
With spirit troubled and vexed,  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing  
For the child of my love and care,  
Some stitches half wearily setting  
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"  
The work some day to be tried,  
When only the gold and the silver,  
And the precious stones, should abide.

And recalling my own poor efforts,  
The wretched work I had done,  
And, even when trying most truly,  
The meagre success I had won :

14 *THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.*

“It is nothing but ‘wood, hay and stubble,’ ”  
I said; “ ‘tis fit only to burn;  
When He asks for the gold He entrusted,  
No gain shall I have to return.”

“And I have so longed to serve Him,  
And sometimes I *know* I have tried;  
But I’m sure when He sees *such* building,  
He will never let it abide.”

Just then, looking over the garment,  
Lest a rent were remaining behind,  
My eye caught an odd little bungle  
Of mending and patch-work combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,  
And something blinded my eyes,  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That oftentimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me,  
I knew ’twas the best she could do;  
But oh, what a botch she had made it—  
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—  
With a tender smile and a tear,  
And a half-compassionate yearning,  
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,  
And the dear Lord said to me,  
“Art thou tenderer for the little child  
Than I am tender for thee?”

Then straightway I knew His meaning,  
So full of compassion and love,  
And my faith came back to its Refuge  
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-BUILDER  
Comes down His temple to view,  
To see what rents must be mended  
And what must be builded anew:

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building  
He will bring my work to the light,  
And seeing the marring and bungling,  
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,  
And will say, as I said for her,  
"Dear child ! She wanted to help me,  
And love for me was the spur.

"So, for the pure love that is in it,  
The work shall seem perfect as mine,  
And because it was willing service,  
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

Then close, in the deepening twilight  
I seemed to be clasping a hand,  
And to feel a great love constraining me,  
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness  
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,  
That would tenderly guide and hold me  
Till all the labor was done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,  
My faith no longer is dim,  
But my heart is strong and restful,  
And mine eyes are unto Him.

## THE HEAVENLY SECRET.

I PONDER 'ost the wondrous things  
On Patmos' isle in vision shown—  
The trumpet voice, the seven stars,  
The lamps of fire before the throne ;  
The book which Judah's Lion loosed,  
With awful secrets, seal by seal,  
The golden vials full of wrath,  
The seven thunders' fearful peal :

With here and there a triumph note,—  
The song of Moses and the Lamb,  
The multitude before the throne,  
With blood-washed robe and crown and  
palm ;  
And ending all, the City fair,  
Spread out like sunlight far and wide,  
With " Whosoever will, may come,"  
For last sweet words sent down the tide.

But ever, 'mid these mysteries,  
Sublime, prophetic, tender, grand,  
One precious promise fills my heart,  
And binds the book with golden band ;  
"To him that overcometh"—this  
The sweep the benediction takes—  
If Sardis, Smyrna, Pergamos,  
Your church, or mine, no difference makes.

One sole condition binds the gift,  
Though struggle sore behind it lie ;  
A faith, a life that overcomes—  
A warfare unto victory.  
And then, reward ! A pure white stone,  
And in the stone, a secret name,—  
A strange new name, and no two stones  
Shall bear inscription quite the same.

For surely—thus my musing runs—  
Since 'tis no name already known,  
It cannot be some name of Christ,  
Both loved and worn by all His own ;  
For thus the sacred record reads,  
"No man may know it, saving he

Who shall receive it,"—his alone  
This new and blessed name shall be.

This is the thought that thrills me through,  
We have a secret—God and I !  
He keeps it now, but unto me  
He will reveal it by and by.  
And while I wait, my heart still holds  
Some fancy beautiful and fair  
Of what that glad surprise will be,  
When He His thought with me shall share.

Perhaps some precious name by which  
He knows me in His heart of love,  
Because of special service given,  
Or special grace I've learned to prove ;  
As wrestling Jacob after prayer  
Had seal of victory on him set,  
In that new name which crowned his seed.  
And clings to all God's people yet.

And Mary with her broken box  
Of fragrance for the burial-day—  
I wonder in what heavenly name,  
Christ keeps that memory hid away ?

Or that poor lowly child of His,  
Who of her want gave all she had—  
I wonder what sweet word up there  
Translates that deed, to make her glad?

Or it may be the precious stone,  
Like rich intaglio, given to each,  
Of Christ shall some impression hold,  
Expressing more than any speech;  
How in some great emergent hour,  
When heart and flesh were failing fast,  
He showed us such or such a face,  
Till all the fear was overpast.

Or once in some communion hour  
We went with Him up Tabor's steep,  
And that transfigured Face, for us  
Forevermore the stone will keep.  
And thus I muse: I know not what  
The secret is—yet still the same,  
His thought of me, or mine of Him,  
Will sweeter be in that new name!

## GOD'S BEST.

I PROMISED to tell all their fortunes,  
As they gathered around me in glee—  
My half-dozen, fun-loving maidens,  
Grouped prettily under the tree.

“Oh, will you, you dearest old Gipsey?”  
The children all cried in a breath ;  
“Do give us all something so splendid :  
Long life, and—translation, not death.”

“Tell Helen’s the last,” said dear Lily,  
“For the best, you know, never comes first.  
“Tell mine, then, at once,” rippled Minnie,  
“And let us have done with the worst !

“Give Josie a Count or a Baron,  
Give Emma a castle in Spain ;  
And to Lily, so thoughtful for others,  
Give gold like a torrent of rain.

“ Give May a strange lamp like Aladdin’s,  
And to Helen—why, give what you will  
For with her, ‘tis according to proverb—  
‘ All’s grist that comes to her mill.’ ”

“ I don’t want a Baron,” quoth Josie,  
“ An artist is more to my mind.”  
“ And a castle in Spain,” pouted Emma,  
“ Is something that no one can find.”

“ And if *I* had the gold,” echoed Lily,  
“ I might be a miser, you know ; ”  
“ While Aladdin’s old lamp,” chimed the May  
bell,  
“ Might land me in far Jericho.”

“ And always to be at my grinding,  
Though the grist were all of the best,  
Is something not quite to my fancy,”  
Said Helen, “ if truth were confest.”

“ See now,” said gay Minnie, “ this wonder—  
People never will like what they get ;  
And they never can get what they like either,  
And so they just worry and fret.”

A peal of the merriest laughter  
At this rang out through the trees,  
And echoing down through the wood's green  
aisle,  
Was borne away on the breeze.

I gazed at the glowing young faces,  
In a silence half born of my fears,  
As I wondered what each would inherit  
In the misty and far-away years.

Then giving the word to my wishes,  
That beautiful morning in June  
I set to each life's happy poem  
A perfect and rhythmical tune.

Some joy that a mortal might covet  
Lay fair in the future of each ;  
While some magic should give them the  
wisdom  
That experience only can teach.

But my very own darling was Helen,  
And while I asked gifts for the rest,  
My heart whispered earnestly always,  
" Dear Father, give her of Thy best.

No one of earth's glorious prizes,  
But that, did she choose to possess,  
Lay clear in the range of my vision,  
Through all the struggle and stress.

The artist's ideals of beauty,  
The poet's possession of song,  
The dreams of the sculptor embodied,  
Or the joys that to science belong.

Whatever of grace or of glory  
Her effort might strive to attain,  
I fondly and foolishly fancied  
The struggle could not be in vain.

And now as I noted the shadows  
That played over each eager face,  
I saw that the broad full sunlight  
Fell over my darling's place.

Then I smiled in my heart when I saw it,  
And turning aside from the rest,  
I said, "Thus, dear Lord, would I have it—  
So ever give her Thy best."

I knew not what I was asking,  
Or I surely, surely had known  
That no life has only broad sunlight,  
Save life within sight of God's throne.

But the sweet day passed, and the night  
came,  
When He put my love to the test ;  
And somewhere up there 'mid the lilies,  
She lies like a bud on His breast.

And what," do you ask, "of the others—  
Lily, and May, and the rest ? "  
Ah, well, they all have their treasures,  
But none, like my Helen, God's best !

## T W O C I T I E S .

ONE shines from out the sacred page,  
Aglow with solemn splendor,  
Illumed with every radiant tint  
That art divine can render.  
Built far upon the dazzling heights  
No foot may scale unheeding,  
It flames its glory down the years,  
Nor sun nor temple needing.

Kings bring their triumph into it,  
And nations saved, their glory,  
While thousand times ten thousand sing  
Its glad and wondrous story.  
They sing a joyous marriage-song,  
For lo ! this city golden  
Is like a bride with jewels girt,  
With kingly love enfolden.

The King of kings her brow doth crown  
With love's most royal crowning ;

His gracious welcome to the feast  
The seraphs' praises drowning.  
O far bright city of my dream !  
To see thy marriage splendor,  
With passion would my longing heart,  
Its life, its all, surrender.

How shall I win the welcome sweet ?  
How gain the wedding whiteness ?  
O guarded gates, where is the key  
Unlocking all your brightness ?  
" Peace, pleading heart ! " an angel saith ;  
Wait not at yon far portal—  
This city is but type of that  
Which is to be immortal.

Behold upon the land and sea,  
In every tribe and nation,  
Glad, busy hands are fashioning  
The stones for its foundation.  
One buildeth here, another there,  
Each bringeth precious treasure ;  
Some bear the load, some place the stones,  
Each working in his measure.

Thus is the City walled about  
With wall of polished jasper,  
While precious jewels, set in gold,  
Like crowns of light enclasp her.  
This is the pure and perfect Bride  
The King most fitly seeketh—  
A Church all glorious within,  
Whose heart her love bespeaketh.

And this the King's most gracious will :

All to the feast are bidden  
Who toward this glory bear a part,  
However small or hidden.  
Go, asking heart, take then thy place,  
Fill thine appointed measure ;  
Bring gift of silver or of gold,  
Or aught of richest treasure.

Or bring but myrrh or precious spice,  
Or for this Bride's adorning,  
Bring even one bright glowing thread,  
No smallest offering scorning.  
So shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's call,  
So in His thought be holden,  
When He His Church shall wed—the true  
“Jerusalem the Golden ! ”

## HIS NAME.

“ **N**AMES name thee not ! ” How many years have died

Since first Bettina wrote the glowing words  
For Goethe’s careless, unresponsive heart.  
How long ago they dropped into the soil  
Of my own childish, scarcely wakened thought.  
The book—“ Bettina’s Letters ”—passed and  
perished

Out of sight and mind. One fairest seed  
Alone was left within its living cell  
To grow up pulse by pulse, each graver year,  
From good to better use, from height to height.

First, to the dearest friend my happy days  
Of school-life knew, I said with fervent voice,  
“ ‘ Names name thee not,’ nor tell of all thou  
art

To me.” Strange name she bore, which suited well

The subtle charm she wove about my heart.

Named Amuletta,\* like an amulet, indeed,  
About my love and life, she hung her love,  
Her very self. And school-girl-wise, pet names  
We had, which sought the depths and heights  
for words

In which to give our love expression meet ;  
Yet oft, when all was done, unsatisfied  
I looked into the eyes of Heaven's own blue,  
And said, "Belovèd one, 'names name thee not.' "

But tides of time ebbed on and flowed again,  
Our school-days passed, and Amuletta went  
Away to Heaven, and came a day I looked  
Yet once again, with stronger, higher love,  
In eyes whose sweetest light shone but for me,  
And said—with dearest names thrown in be-  
tween—

" 'Names name thee not,' nor tell of all thou  
art  
To me." And this seemed love's last, perfect  
word.

\* Amuletta Howard Kinney. Died in 1862 at Mott Haven, N. Y.

So rose and fell the year's swift stream again,  
And as it ran, the perfect words revealed  
Perpetually, a new and higher thought ;  
Each year they grew in sacredness and depth,  
As love, in highest and divinest mould,  
Took firmer, deeper place within my soul,  
Until at last, I said them soft and low,  
In secret "silent chapel of my heart"—  
I said them under breath, in reverent hush  
Of prayer to *One* alone, and evermore  
I keep them close and holy unto Him.  
Names name Him not to me. No name can  
reach  
The height and depth, the length and breadth,  
    of love  
All wonderful, unspeakable, that lives  
In Him, the Father's perfect *Word* to man.

Yet many names, most tender and most sweet,  
He hath, which down the path of Holy Writ,  
His fingers dropped like flowers with fragrant  
    breath  
Pervading all the Church's heart and life.

Soft comfort-names, that come and go, through  
clouds

Of weariness and gloom—our Refuge, Strength,  
Our Presence-angel, Shepherd, Saviour, Rest.

Low sorrow-names, that softly wander  
In and out through griefs too deep to speak—  
the Man

Of Sorrows, One with grief acquainted well,  
Our Burden-bearer, our atoning Lamb.

Grand glory-names, that roll like loftiest strain  
Of song, through loftiest mood—Immanuel,  
King of kings, Jehovah, Prince of Peace,  
Eternal One who sits in majesty  
Upon earth's circle, while the nations count  
But as the small dust in the balances.

And tender household-names, that link the life  
Of every day's most common need, to life  
Beside the Throne—our Father pitiful,  
Our elder Brother, and the Friend most near.

And sweetest names of love that fill the soul  
In hours of holiest fellowship with Him—

Belovèd, Chief among ten thousand,  
Altogether Lovely, Sharon's wondrous Rose,  
And that best, crowning name—our *Jesus*—  
name

That like a perfect chord, holds every name  
And tone of love, complete within itself.

Ah, yes—most precious names—I count  
Them o'er and o'er, as miser doth his hoard  
Of costliest gems, and yet, when all is done,  
To dead Bettina's deep and soulful words,  
I turn again, and say in tenderest hush,  
On bended knee, "Names name thee not!"

## A S L E E P.

WITH curls in golden clusters,  
And soft, half-opened eyes,  
The baby lay as one entranced  
By some divine surprise,

While fragrant breathed about her,  
Sweet, white, half-opened buds—  
The hands rose-clasped, the little robe  
Bound with the snowy studs.

“O blessed sleep of childhood,  
So far from eyes of mine,”  
One said. “Would God such slumber  
Might crown my head as thine !”

But lo ! as we drew nearer,  
Deep wonder caught the breath—  
The couch was a burial-casket,  
And the sleep was the sleep of death !

And still one said, "Blest childhood !  
Thrice-hallowed, happy sleep !  
O wondrous consummation,  
For which I wait and weep !"

There fell a voice in answer :  
"The baby sleeps, indeed ;  
"Yet wrought its baby-mission,  
Fulfilling all its need.  
  
"So thou, dear heart, be patient,  
Give Christ thy griefs to **keep**,  
And learn that *so*, He giveth  
To His beloved, **sleep**!"

## IN VISION.

### ANNUNCIATION.

A N angel stood at night within the door,  
Light from the inner glory on his face:  
'A message from the King,' he said, "for thou  
Art called and chosen, with the hosts to march,  
That follow him to victory or to death.  
Behold the shield of promise He hath sent:  
'They shall have great reward who follow me;  
Right royally shall they be robed and crowned,  
Nor shall they be without a wondrous sign  
Whereby shall all men know that they are  
mine.'

Thus art thou chosen with His hosts to march,  
Arise and follow where His banner leads."

### RENUNCIATION.

Then straight responsive to the heavenly call,  
My soul made answer in its fervent joy:  
"I lay all down before this glorious King—  
All life's dear sanctities and sweetest hopes,

All mind, all holy places of the heart ;  
And in that heart, whatever other name  
Hath reigned supreme, I tear the leaf out here,  
And leave the page unsmeared and blank for Him.  
I keep not back one thing, nor hold one power  
Mine own. Henceforth I march by day and  
night,  
Close in the footsteps of this conquering King,  
Nor turn aside for any joy, save that  
He giveth me."

## FULFILLMENT.

The King's great army marcheth ever on.  
For me—my strength is well-nigh spent  
    though through  
Long days and nights of heat and cold I went.  
Though close I held that glorious promise-  
    shield,  
And wondered why fulfillment never came.  
And now, I lie alone—the troops pass by,  
The King himself hath deigned no look, no  
    word ;  
What have I now, of all He promised me ?  
The royal robe is garment rough, of pain,

The wondrous sign is but a blood-stained cross,  
The crown He gave, was but a crown of thorns,  
And thus I die alone, without my King.

My King ! Ah, there is where the cruel pain  
Hurts most, for Him I love beyond compare,  
And for one smile from that majestic face,  
I'd count all loss but gain, and march once  
more

Through all these days and nights of heat and  
cold

Content to die at last of but one kiss  
From that most perfect mouth upon my lips.

• • • • • • • •  
Ah, what is this ? Those tender lips touch  
mine !

My heart, of rapture dies, beneath that smile !  
Content, content, my whole reward is won !

#### AT LAST.

“ At last,” you say ? Ah, no, not last—’tis first,  
’Tis but beginning—this glad triumphant life  
On the celestial hills ! what time my soul  
Went up from earth, with that divinest kiss  
Close folded on my lips, that wondrous smile

Far-reaching to my inmost heart of love,  
The angel stood again with message sweet—  
“The King hath said thy name before the  
throne,

Now is the promise near and sure reward,  
Now take thy robe, thy crown, thy holy sign.”  
At last? Ah, no; but first and evermore  
I wear this fair white linen of the saints,  
His name upon my forehead for a sign,  
My crown a royal diadem of stars!  
Yet here as there, I give my all to Him,  
My King, and in renunciation glad,  
I cast my crown, my soul, at His dear feet!

## OUT OF THE SHADOW.

ALL through the day, the heavy tumult  
stirred,  
And noises loud and angry round me  
rolled ;  
A lingering thunder, muttering wrath and  
pain,  
Seemed all the happy heights in night to  
fold.

Strive as I might, the hills of faith and hope  
Grew darker, higher, harder still to climb  
Eternity's far outlook and unfathomed deeps,  
Seemed bounded by the littleness of Time.

Then close around me, Doubt, his blackness  
drew,  
While strong Apollyon threw his fiery  
darts—  
Alas, where was my armor, strong and true,  
That he could reach my very heart of  
hearts !

With poison tongue was every arrow tipped—

“ He saith ”—“ He saith ”—“ but oh He doeth not,”

“ He will not give good gifts, as He hath said ”—

“ His promised mercy He hath clean forgot.”

• No mother would say ‘nay’ to any child  
Who lifted up such longing, pleading cry,  
And yet—He is *more* ready, doth He say?  
Ah, no—no mother would, like Him, deny.”

Thus rained the fiery storm upon my soul,  
Each dart a blinding lance through Doubt’s  
black night,

Till stricken, bruised, and wounded nigh to  
death,

I yielded in despair th’ unequal fight.

Then in Despair’s yet blacker night than  
Doubt’s,

Left there for dead by Doubt and Hell’s  
ally,

He whom I had reviled came unto me,  
With loving touch His healing to apply.

But there Despair and Shame 'twixt Him  
and me,  
Joined hands to keep from me that sweet-  
est balm,  
Yet o'er their height looked down His tender  
eyes,  
And held me with their deep, divinest  
calm.

So once those eyes had turned in priestly hall,  
Past all the mocking throng to one alone ;  
So broke *my* heart with love's sweet sad re-  
proach,  
So folded He again His strayed—His own !

## “FAULTLESS.”

Jude, ver. 24.

“FAULTLESS in His glory’s presence ! ”

All the soul within me stirred,

All my heart reached up to heaven

At the wonder of that word.

“ Able to present *me* faultless ?

Lord, forgive my doubt,” I cried ;

“ Thou didst once, to loving doubt, show

Hands and feet and riven side.

Oh, for me, build up some ladder,

Bright with golden round on round,

That my hope this word may compass,

Reaching Faith’s high vantage-ground ! ”

Praying thus, behold, my ladder,

Reaching unto perfect day,

Grew from out a simple story

Dropped by some one in the way.

Once a queen—so ran the story—  
Seeking far for something new,  
Found it in a mill, where, strangely,  
Naught but rags repaid her view.

Rags from out the very gutters,  
Rags of every shape and hue,  
While the squalid children, picking,  
Seemed but rags from hair to shoe.

‘What then,’ rang her eager question,  
“Can you do with things so vile?”  
“Mould them into perfect whiteness,”  
Said the master with a smile.

Whiteness?” quoth the queen, half-doubting  
“But these reddest, crimson dyes—  
Surely naught can ever whiten  
These to fitness in your eyes?’

‘Yes,’ he said, “though these are colors  
Hardest to remove of all,  
Still I have the power to make them  
Like the snowflake in its fall.”

Through my heart the words so simple  
Throbbed with echo in and out ;  
" Crimson " — " scarlet " — " white as snow  
flake " —  
Can this man ? and can *God not* ?

Now upon a day thereafter, . . .  
(Thus the tale went on at will,) .  
To the queen there came a present  
From the master at the mill.

Fold on fold of fairest texture,  
Lay the paper, purest white ;  
On each sheet there gleamed the letters  
Of her name in golden light.

" Precious lesson," wrote the master,  
" Hath my mill thus given me,  
Showing how our Christ can gather . .  
Vilest hearts from land or sea ;  
  
" In some heavenly alembic,  
Snowy white from crimson bring,  
Stamp his name on each, and bear them  
To the palace of the King."

. . . . .

Slowly—ah, Heaven ! the gates seem to move.  
Now hither, now thither they sway ;  
Watching, and fearing, and weeping, I lie,  
Too sick with my anguish to pray.

Father, my Father, forgive my wild cry—  
I know not what I have said !  
The portals stand wide, in the terrible night,  
And I am alone with my dead !

## II.

Ah, wonderful ! wonderful ! Here in the night  
One giveth me songs for my tears—  
One saith, “*I am here in the valley with thee ;*  
*I carry thy griefs and thy fears.*”

Ah, wonderful ! wonderful ! Here on His  
breast,  
Like John, the beloved, I lie—  
My passionate prayer sinks sobbing, to rest—  
‘Tis Jesus, to live or to die.

Thy sweet human life is over—’tis well—  
It was Jesus for thee and for me !  
I linger below, and still it is well,  
It is Jesus for me and for thee !

## A MEMORY.

“ **T**HE same old house,” do you call it ?  
    Yet it’s fifteen years, you say,  
Since you stepped across its threshold—  
    So long you have been away.

But those years are such a gulf, dear ;  
    And a house, like a face, may change ;  
If you look at this one intently,  
    It will seem half-new and strange.

The oriel-window is darkened,  
    The sunny side-porch is still,  
And you miss the old-time laughter  
    That once rung over the hill.

Ah, now you ask for the voices,  
    Recalling them name by name ;  
“ Where then,” you say, “ is Great-Heart Phil ?  
    And is scapegrace Ned the same ?

“And fair, sweet, serious Helen,  
Queen Alice, and loving May ?  
Why, baby Maud is a woman grown,  
I suppose, since I went away ?”

Ah, me, I will tell you the story ;  
It seems so long ago  
That all this bright tide vanished  
Out of life’s ebb and flow.

And the house has stood in its silence  
So long, apart from the strife,  
Like a dim, sweet sanctuary,  
Full of an unseen life.

• • • • • • • •

It was only the year that you left us,  
Queen Alice forsook her throne ;  
Though she reigned in so many loving hearts,  
She must go at last alone.

Then Great-Heart Phil—did you never hear  
Of the cruel watery strife ?  
He saved his friend, but the icy waves  
Closed over his own brave life.

Then sweet-eyed, thoughtful Helen,  
Who had leaned on the manly strength,  
Though she tried to live for the others,  
Drooped and yielded at length.

So half the voices had vanished,  
And dear, wild, thoughtless Ned  
Grew silent, and played, in a tender way,  
With Maud's little golden head.

But the bright little head grew weary,  
The sweet voice pleaded for rest,  
And the Shepherd, hearing His lamb's low  
cry,  
Close folded her to His breast.

Then Ned grew bitter "*at Fate*," he said,  
And was reckless and wild again,  
Though the sweet, old generous impulses  
lived  
Under all the terrible strain.

And at last the glorious morning  
Rose radiant out of the night,  
And the willful, loving, penitent child  
Passed up into God's own light.

“ So sad a tale,” you say ; you are “ **sure**  
That dear little May still lives.”  
Alas, but no ! she sleeps the sleep  
That God to His loved ones gives.

‘ And what,’ you ask, “ of the mother,  
So smitten with blow on blow ? ”  
But I told you the house was a temple,  
And the temple all aglow.

For a house, through such solemn chrism,  
Grows either a temple or grave ;  
And through anguish this mother whispered  
“ He takes but that which He gave ;

“ And shall I be hard and rebellious  
While they in the God-light shine ?  
O, Father, *my* Father, I thank Thee  
That they are both mine and Thine.

“ And what now to Thee shall I render,  
For these *laid-up* treasures,” she cried ;  
“ Tenfold I will strive to bring with me  
When I come at the eventide.

“ Ten priceless souls I will bring Thee  
For my first-born’s harvest home ;  
And—ten ? *twice* ten, for the precious child  
Who never again can roam.

“ And five and three I will bring thee,  
And two and one, I will say,  
For my darlings, Helen and Alice,  
For baby Maud and my May.

“ No hour for grief and repining,  
But each grateful hour for Thee.  
To repay Thee ? Ah, *never*, my Father,  
It is only Love’s prompting in me.”

And so it is that at day-dawn,  
The loving service begins,  
And she sees her Philip, her Helen,  
In each dear soul that she wins.

And if, perchance, in the noontide,  
Some prodigal prays at last,  
'Tis her wayward Ned that she kisses,  
As she did in the happy past.

But even when his icy breath  
Touched lip, and cheek and sunny curl,  
The sweet, pathetic voice still said,  
"I'm Papa's little girl."

A fearful hush, a cold despair,  
Fell through the world's gay restless whirl  
It seemed the very birds and flowers  
Missed "Papa's little girl."

And though she walk the golden streets,  
And stand within the gates of pearl,  
Oh, will not God remember, she  
Was "Papa's little girl?"

Aye, when His perfect heavenly peace  
Shall follow all the earthly whirl,  
Faith whispers glad, she will again  
Be "Papa's little girl."

## PARTING.

WHAT shall I say to thee, sweetest,  
kneeling beside thee in tears ?  
Knowing that here ends the measure of all thy  
beautiful years ;  
Feeling the death-seal of silence, between us  
henceforth from this day,  
Which, of all lovingest things that my heart  
for thee holds, shall I say ?

Can I beg thee for dear words of parting, with  
eager and passionate breath ?  
Or lament thy so instant transition from life to  
this marble of death ?  
And if I named all thou art leaving, should it  
be indeed matter of grief,  
That thou leavest the sowing for reaping—the  
seed for the full-ripened sheaf ?

But what hast thou left, then, dear sleeper, of  
all that the soul counteth worth ;  
Opening thine eyes upon Heaven, as they  
closed on the gladness of earth ?  
Thou art gone from this flower-crowned bright-  
ness, to God's glowing garden above ;  
Gone from our poor, anxious loving, to infinite  
riches of love.

No shadow of death on thy pathway, no river  
in struggle to cross ;  
No anguish or trial of parting, no moment to  
picture a loss ;  
But in one happy instant, the angel who carries  
the golden key,  
Hath unlocked the wonderful portals, and open-  
ed all Heaven to thee !

O mystic, unspeakable glory ! I linger and  
listen outside,  
Though I catch but in echo the faintest, the  
joy of the on-swelling tide ;  
But I know thou art there with the harpers, on  
the banks of the crystal sea,  
And knowing such things, I can say, dearest,  
only one thing unto thee.

See, I place in thy hand these lilies, like those  
that the angel brought  
For the day of annunciation, and I have but  
this one glad thought ;  
Pressing my kisses down on thy death-sweet  
face, I say  
From my heart of hearts, my darling, *I give*  
*thee* joy of this day !

## S U N S E T.

AT EIGHTY-SIX.

**A** FAR from thee, dear friend, **to-day**,  
I dwell with loving thought  
On all the story of thy life,  
With joys and griefs inwrought.

I think of all the weary way  
Thy pilgrim feet have trod—  
Of “years gone down into the past,”  
Whose record is with God.

Of all thy tender, patient trust,  
Of all thy calm, sweet faith,  
Which never asked for better oath  
Than just His own “*He saith.*”

Which walked alike in light or dark,  
While Jesus walked beside,  
And took the joys God offered here,  
Nor craved the joy denied.

So simply walking, with thy hand  
Close clasped in His each day,  
Most faithfully His covenant  
He kept with thee alway.

In joy's bright day, He saved thee from  
The tempter's subtle power ;  
In sorrow's night, He hid thee deep  
Within His refuge-tower.

The many thorns thy feet have pressed,  
His own had pressed before ;  
Thy sad temptations too He knew,  
In many a conflict sore.

And oft, when these were overcome,  
And Hope might sing again,  
He brought thee to some mountain's height  
O'erlooking all the plain ;

Whence, glancing down, thou saw'st with joy  
The fearful path escaped,  
And glancing up, didst catch a glimpse  
Of Eden's distant gate.

And so, through all the years thou'rt come,  
Up to this peaceful shore,  
Where "only waiting" thou dost stand,  
Till Jesus go before.

Thy pilgrim staff is bent and old,  
Thy sandals poor and worn,  
Thy garments gray and travel-stained,  
Thy red-cross banner torn.

Yet patient wait—thy pilgrim staff  
A waving palm shall be;  
Thy sandals gold, thy garments white,  
Thy banner victory.

The bridgeless river just beyond,  
The pilgrim way behind,  
So rest in Beulah's pleasant land,  
With glad, untroubled mind.

For far across the gloomy wave  
Doth heavenly music ring;  
And gleaming Eden-lights reveal  
The City of our King.

And, as in evening's sunset-glow  
An angel seems to stand,  
And holding wide the pearly gate,  
With glory floods the land :

So, in thy life's sweet sunset hour  
I seem to see *thee* wait,  
Touched with the glory streaming through  
The softly-opened gate.

So rest thee here, dear pilgrim, till  
The splendor brighter falls,  
And thou shalt be at home within  
The City's golden walls.

## AT THE RIVER.

HERE, at the River, we meet then at last,  
And the meeting is gladness and pain ;  
For 'tis only this hour, here on the shore,  
The next we are parted again.

But the sad, sad years are over, thank God,  
And the parting cannot be long ;  
It is this that hushes my beating heart.  
As the waves roll up so strong.

It is just the very old story, Paul,  
Of Israel, after the sea—  
These sorrowful years of our wandering,  
That have chastened you and me.

Our promised land was almost in sight,  
The journey was smooth and brief,  
Yet we turned the way of the wilderness,  
Though both hearts broke with their grief.

And now, we are linking that hour with this,  
And all that has gone between  
Is like a long, long loop that is made  
In the winding of a stream.

What was, and what might be, were once so  
close,  
That a step had joined them then ;  
But we each stood out, across the strait,  
Till the wilderness began.

Ah, well, the time is long ago,  
And the dear Lord cares for all ;  
Though bearing the scales to weigh His worlds,  
He follows the sparrow's fall.

And so, though we walked in the wilderness,  
An angel walked with us there ;  
Our raiment upon us waxed not old,  
And a gift ever answered a prayer.

Ever into His sovereign, loving will,  
Converged our crookedest lines,  
And the pillar of cloud, and the pillar of fire,  
Were equally guiding signs.

And though we journeyed so widely apart,  
With either, by day or by night,  
The Covenant Angel dwelt in them both,  
And both led up to the light.

And this sad, sweet hour, here on the shore,  
Is our Lord's last, precious gift ;  
But our hands unclasp, and the angel waits,  
And the current is strong and swift.

And so I kiss you good-night, dear Paul,  
Here, at the River, good-night.  
The hours grow brief—we shall meet again,  
In the morning's abiding light.

## “AND THERE WAS LIGHT.”

“Let in the morning, mother—let in the morning.”\*

“LET in the morning,” the dear voice besought,  
When the last sad morning broke;  
For with night in our hearts we had shut it out  
Till his eyes beseeching spoke.

“God’s beautiful morning, let it in—  
Let in each blessed ray;  
My soul cannot bear the darkness now,  
So near to the endless day.

“Sweet glimpses I’ve had of the other shore,  
That made earth’s sunshine dim;  
How heavy must be earth’s darkness then—  
Oh, let the morning in.

“ ’Tis God’s fair herald to open the gates  
Of the glad eternal day,  
With its flaming torch flung out on high  
To show my feet the way.

\* E. L. G.—Fifteen years.

" And I love the flowers that softly breathe  
    Their voiceless praise to Him,  
And all bright, blessed things that live—  
    Oh, let the morning in."

And the sun poured in his beautiful light,  
    And the flowers their burden rare,  
And the careless birds went singing by  
    In the tender April air.

But lo ! a light from no earthly orb,  
    Lay pure on the brow within,  
And before the world's fair day had died,  
    God let His morning in.

Through the crystal gate of the jeweled court  
    Where the heavenly morning reigns,  
From the Fountain of Light the golden flood  
    Burst o'er the glowing plains.

And over the Temple's flashing door,  
    In radiant lines of light,  
Was the King's sweet pledge to His ransomed  
    ones :  
    "There shall be no more night."

## DE PROFUNDIS.

“ **O**UT of the depths, O God, out of *what* depths,”

A mourner saith ;

“ Even out of the awful shadows  
Of the mystery of death !

“ Back from its dark and sternly-guarded gate,  
I come alone,

And in the dust in utterest need and grief,  
I make my moan.

“ All life’s sweet roses, rich in fragrant bloom,  
Lie heaped around ;

I heed them not ; the only flower I loved,  
In death is bound.

“ Father, I cannot look into the face  
Of thy glad morn ;

**O** take from out my bleeding heart  
This sharp, sharp thorn.”

“ Into the depths, oh, child, into *what* depths,  
A sweet Voice saith,  
‘ Even into more awful shadows than  
The mystery of Death.

“ Into such depths, for purest love of thee  
I went alone ;  
Despised, condemned, forsaken, none were left  
To heed *my* moan.

‘ All fragrance fills thy path—alas ! in mine  
No flower was found ;  
Thou hast one thorn—with plaited wreath of  
thorns  
Thy Lord was crowned.

“ For tenderest love of thee, my stricken child,  
I bore the smart  
And all that fearful agony that broke  
My weary heart.

And can it be, this dying love for thee  
Was all in vain ?  
With murmur and reproach, wilt crucify  
Thy Lord again ?

“ My child, my child, I thought thy Saviour had  
That heart of thine.  
Behold, I plead with thee—how can I give  
thee up?  
Art thou not mine ?

‘ Is not my death for thee, sufficient pledge  
That every pain,  
And every loss I send thee, is to bring  
Some greater gain ?

Oh, trust thy risen Lord, and now return  
Unto thy rest ;  
Go, press life’s fragrant flowers, thy Father’s  
gifts,  
Unto thy breast.

“ On some bright hill, in some revealing hour,  
Of Heaven’s glad morn,  
Thy heart shall know the meaning deep and  
sweet,  
Of this one thorn.”

• • • • •

While rarest flowering-forth of fair ideal  
From sculptor's brain in marble or in bronze,  
Decked all the place, each one a poor man's  
wealth.

Thus viewing all, we questioned each of each,  
What Christ's old Galilean Peter, who  
For Romans holds the keys of heaven and hell,  
Would once have thought or felt, to call himself  
The lord of all this regal pomp, or find  
Himself at ease within these storied walls.

We pictured *him*, upon that royal chair  
They called a throne—then smiled at such  
grotesque,  
Incongruous fancy, linked with him who kept  
His humble trade of fisherman intact,  
And drew his fisher's net, at last, to shore  
With priceless souls, its burden, for his Lord.

At last, 'mid all the splendor of the place,  
One sweet white thought came like a snowy  
dove,  
And nestling, made that sunny day its own.  
At last the Christ Himself had one small space  
Within the royal home of His self-styled

Vicerent. Looking upward where we stood,  
Not great except in thought, nor finely wrought,  
Yet filling all our hearts with beautiful intent,  
One soft, fair fresco crowned the stately room.  
And this the picture which we wondering viewed:

Down from Judean hills, and far across  
Arabia's desert sands, from Chebar's banks,  
From temple-porch, from Bethel's prophet-  
school,

And forth from Babylon's great palace-gate,  
Captive or free, the grand procession came,  
"The goodly fellowship" of Israel's seers,  
Sweeping in triumph-march across the plain.

First he, the poet-prophet with his harp  
Attuned to loftier praise and nobler psalm  
Than e'er of old had lived and thrilled through  
all

The choral music of the temple rites;  
Then that rapt seraph-heart, which beat and  
burned

Within Isaiah's bosom, flamed in joy  
Into the heavenly face upturned to God,  
Fast following on the steps of Judah's bard;  
Next he whose sad lament o'er Zion's fall,

Once swept his page with mournful minor chord,

Now wept for joy, at gladder prophecies  
Fulfilled ; while one, who wondrous visions saw  
Upon the river's banks in Chaldean lands,  
Now seemed as lifted up himself, on that  
Same chariot of fire-enshaded wheel  
With flaming eyes, and wingèd cherubim,  
He saw from out the whirlwind as it passed ;  
And He who told Belshazzar's doom, and saw  
The images of kingdoms yet unborn,  
Fall crumbling at the touch of that great stone  
That without hands was from the mountain cut,  
He too with all the gathering sweeping train  
Took up one joyous song of raptured praise—  
“ To us a Child is born, a Son is given—  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor—behold  
Our Prince of Peace ”—and as we gazed, we  
seemed

Again to hear the hallelujah swell  
As from orchestral harmonies, poured forth  
In music palpitant—“ Thou Wonderful !  
Thou Counsellor ! Thou mighty Prince of  
Peace !

Thou King of kings, thou mighty Lord of lords !  
Forever and forever Thou shalt reign !”  
And listening thus, we looked again, and lo !  
A little Child led all the wondrous host !

• • • • • • •

Then went we forth into the shining day  
From Rome’s old palace of the Quirinal.  
And still in memory’s picture of that hour,  
We see but Bethlehem’s Child, and hear again  
“ The Hallelujah Chorus,” where He leads  
The whole grand saintly host of His redeemed.

## R E W A R D .

ALL joyously down through the golden field

The reapers had come with a shout ;  
They had cheered each other with word and song,  
As their sickles flashed in and out.

And tenderly now fell the day asleep,

As they heard the Master call  
Through the starlit silence, " Enter ye in,  
My reward is waiting for all."

The palace shone out on the happy night

With its windows all aflame,  
Its radiant portals swinging wide,  
With welcome for all who came.

With bannered sheaves, with the trumpet's voice,

With the marching of eager feet,  
The train swept in through the golden gates,  
And up to the royal seat.

But lo, far off in the harvest-field,  
Weary and sad and so late,  
With a single sheaf, there lingered one  
Still striving to reach the gate.

He had caught the echo of that sweet call  
That fell through the holy night ;  
He had seen the throng from the darkened  
field,  
Sweep into the palace-light.

And a cry went up from his sorrowful soul,  
“ O Master, tarry for me ;  
Oh, shut not the gates whence the glory  
streams,  
My weary heart breaketh for thee.”

At last to the banqueting hall he came,  
So ragged, and old, and worn,  
His only treasure, the one bright sheaf,  
On his poor, bent shoulders borne.

Then the face of the King was tender and  
grave,

As of one who was hiding a tear,  
As he gently questioned, "What wouldest  
thou,  
And what dost thou bring me here?"

Most eager and loving the answer that  
came—

"I had gone with the reapers at morn,  
With longing to bring thee such glorious  
sheaves

As might even thy palace adorn.

"But scarcely one hour I wrought with the  
rest,

Ere I fell by the wayside alone ;  
With a fevered brow and a pain-racked  
frame

I lay till the morning was done.

"Sweet children passed with their sickles  
small—

They would reap for the King, they said—  
I showed them whither the reapers had  
gone,

And blessed them as on they sped.

“ But when in the noontide’s sultry hour  
The fever and pain were done,  
The rust, alas, my sickle had spoiled,  
And the strength of my youth was gone.

“ Far off I could see the victorious ones  
With the flash of their blades so keen ;  
But no words could reach them, and there  
alone,  
I knew I could only glean.

“ The few bright stalks they had left in their  
haste,  
I gathered in weakness for thee ;  
And this poor, bare entrance within thy  
gates  
Is all that is left for me.”

Then the King rose up from his throned  
seat,  
With a face most sweet to see ;  
“ They also serve, who suffer,” he said,  
“ Their reward is still with me.

“ Thy sheaf may be small, but thy love was  
great—

I crown thee victor with this.”

And lo, in the silence, bending, he pressed  
On that brow his signet kiss.

And the sorrowful gleaner stood a prince,  
Transformed by that wondrous sign ;  
While a shout rang down through the palace  
hall,

“ O *Love*, the guerdon is thine !”

## LIFE—A PROBLEM.

**A** LITTLE smiling, mingled oft with **tears**,  
A little hoping, linked with many fears,  
A little trusting, chased by doubt and dread,  
A little light, unto much darkness wed—  
This call we Life—to breathe, to love, to die !  
Who shall for us unfold the great, sad mystery ?

Heaven's radiance makes rainbows through  
the tears,

Humility's sweet flower upspringeth from the  
fears,

The holy shield of Faith tempers in fires of  
grief,

The seed in weeping sown, returns a golden  
sheaf—

**O** glorious Life in Death ! no more, no more  
to die !

*One* hath dissolved for us the deep, sweet  
mystery !

## A L O N E.

**A** LONE in the room !  
Oh, darkest mystery,  
Earth's bitter history,  
Reads like a doom.

Alone in the room !  
Missing the loving grace,  
Wanting the precious face  
Lost in the gloom.

Alone in the room !  
Drinking death's bitterness ;  
Cries of our sore distress  
Piercing the tomb.

Alone in the room !  
Oh, when will night be done ?  
Oh, Darling, Darling, come  
Back to the room.

• • • • • • •

Alone in the room ?

Oh, sweetest mystery !

Earth's *hidden* history,

*Christ's* in the room.

Alone in the room ?

Cannot *His* perfect grace,

*His* tender pitying face,

Lighten the gloom ?

Oh, *He's* in the room !

Death's bitter pang is past ;

Victors we are at last,

Rending the tomb.

Alone nevermore !

Morning comes soon or late ;

Oh, Darling, Darling, wait

Close by the shore.

“ THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING  
IN HIS BEAUTY.”

O SWEET, prophetic words ! still ringing  
clear,  
Through all the centuries from that elder year,  
Wherever waiting hearts are hushed to hear !

Thine eyes shall see the King ! O wondrous  
sight !

Thy *weary* eyes, astrain through all the night,  
Watching for faintest gleam of longed-for  
light !

Thy *sad* eyes, memory-touched with “all re-  
gret ;”

Thy *dim* eyes, aching still with “ life’s small  
fret,”

Seeing as through a glass, most darkly yet !

Thy *blind* eyes, seeing even not at all,  
Yet opening quickly at the Master's call ;  
Glad, eager eyes, from which all weights shall  
fall.

O wondrous hour of vision ! Long ago  
Hath rapt Isaiah come thy joy to know ;  
That heavenly beauty which he strove to show.

Archangels veil their faces, while they sing,  
Before the awful splendor of their King,  
Afraid to sweep such height with ev'n angelic  
wing.

They long to know that mystery of grace,  
Whereby the ransomed see Him face to face,  
Nor fall, nor *fear* to fall, from that high place.

They know not, even they, that tenderest tie,  
By which He brings His chosen ones so nigh—  
His cross, His blood, and Calvary's bitter cry.

Oh, saddest, sweetest bond ! And can it be  
That through *His* sorrow, joy shall come to  
me ?

That *thus* His glorious beauty I shall see ?

Oh, Joy, too deep for aught but happy tears !

Oh, Faith, that climbs a height beyond all  
fears ?

Oh, Hope, that crowns and gladdens all my  
years !

My heart repeats the promise o'er and o'er,  
Though 'tis an “old, old story” heard before,  
Yet with each dear repeating loved the more.

O eyes, for which such vision is in store,  
Keep ye to all things pure, forevermore,  
Till ye shall close beside Death's shadowed  
door.

Be lighted from within, by unseen Guest,  
Send out warm rays of love to all distress,  
And lure them by your shining into rest.

So, in His beauty, shall ye see the King,  
And to *His* eyes' sweet answer steadfast cling,  
Nor fade, nor droop, o'ershadowed by *His*  
wing.

## TWO ANGELS.

WHEN in dark before the dawning,  
Night was on the wane,  
In the shadow and the silence,  
Came the angel, Pain.  
Close behind him, walked another,  
Pale, with bated breath ;  
By the golden key he carried,  
Angel he, of Death.

Then spake Pain : “ I bring this token,  
Sharp as any sword ;  
It will crush thy life’s frail chalice,  
But ’tis from thy Lord.”  
Only smiles, Pain got for answer,  
And this ringing word—  
“ Tokens sharp as swords, are welcome,  
Coming from my Lord ! ”

Then spake Death : “ Pain bears the token,  
I, the message bring ;

Life thou livest now no longer,  
Thus hath said thy King.”  
“ Nay, dear angel,” came the answer,  
“ If I go with thee,  
Life of life shall open to me,  
By thy golden key.”

Through the shadow and the silence,  
Passed both Pain and Death ;  
Grand and tender was the baptism  
Of their solemn breath !  
Then One stood within the chamber,  
Neither Death nor Pain !  
Only wide and wondrous glory,  
Crowned what they had slain !

## AT SCHOOL.

L IKE children at a common desk and task,  
We sit in God's great school, and if or ill,  
Or well, we learn, each chooses for himself.  
God gives the varied text-books, great and small,  
But how to use them, or to use at all,  
Each chooses, in the changing discipline of life.  
*Some* lessons *all* must learn, who even once  
Shall enter in, but God reserves the truths  
Most grand and deep, for His most diligent  
And earnest ones—the faithful students  
Of His open books. But those who careless sit,  
And idly toy with simplest rules and tasks,  
Nor wish to look beyond, shall never learn  
The spirit's high astronomies, the great  
Soul-chemistries, and grand arithmetic  
Of God. For these are secrets of the Lord,  
And only Faith, alight with earnest Zeal,  
Shall make discoveries in those far heavens,

Or know from wavering orbit, some great star  
Of truth still lies outside his lesson's sweep,  
But waiting there, more patient, loving search,  
To shine unveiled, far up the starry heights.

And only Works, with truest Faith informed,  
Shall know the mystic symbols of those things  
Which in God's crucible combine to change,  
Create, or turn to forms invisible,  
Before appears the flawless crystal, He  
Would make of every true and loving life.

And only that far-reaching thought, which  
gains  
Broad view of Time and of Eternity,  
Can even feebly grasp the lengthening line  
Of God's great plummet, through the sounding  
deeps  
Of His vast measurements !

What must it be  
To gather thus the secrets of the Lord ?  
And oh ! what matters it to him whose soul  
Is hungering and athirst for truth, that he  
Full oft must follow it through flood and flame ?  
Nay, rather flood and flame shall be for him  
God's telescope, revealing to his sight

The wonders of the spiritual sky.

Nay, rather still, who would not choose both  
flood

And flame, if it were only *so* that he  
Could reach the light ineffable, where hides  
The perfect face of Him who is The Truth ?

## ON THE BRIDGE.

OVER the river an arching bridge :  
Over the bridge, the rush  
Of hundreds of feet, from the morning's glow  
To the evening's latest flush.

Going and coming day by day,  
Walked one with anxious heart ;  
“ Alas ! ” he said, “ for the years sweep by,  
And I find no heavenly art  
“ By which to bridge the stream of death  
From this to the happy shore :  
No man can I find with a builder's skill,  
No name with the needful lore.”

Over the river he came one day,  
Longing and sorrowful still,  
And there, midway on the sunny arch,  
Holding a crowd at his will,

A poor blind reader sat with his book,  
Fingering slowly the page,  
And like soft, sweet music, forth from his touch  
Came the words of a buried age :

“ Neither is there salvation,” he read,  
“ In another name than His—  
For there’s none other name”—and he paused  
to turn  
The leaf as he uttered this.

While his trembling fingers sought the place  
On the topmost line again,  
Like a child at school he clung to the words  
Just read, in a sweet refrain :

“ For there’s none other name”—“ there’s  
none other name”—  
“ None other name”—thus it fell  
On the ear of him with the sorrowful heart,  
Like the chime of a far-off bell.

And on through the hours it followed him still ;  
At eve, through the silent air,

“ There’s none other name ”—“ Oh, none other  
name,”

Rung low like a vesper prayer.

When the morning dawned, like a matin-bell  
Upon his wakening ear,

“ There’s none other name ”—“ Oh, none other  
name,”

Again rang soft and clear.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

He has found the Name with the needful lore,

The Man with the builder’s skill ;

His bridge is built to the happy shore,

The river beneath may rage and roar,

He shall cross when the Builder will.

## “ P E A C E . ”

OVER the drifting snows,  
In through the bitter storm,  
A soft, low wind of the woodland blows,  
With the breath of the summer, warm.

Only some fairy ferns  
On a crimson banner set ;  
Only the thought of a heart that turns  
From the warfare it fain would forget.

“ Peace ”—spell the tiny leaves,  
With wave and ripple and curve ;  
And a summer blessing my heart receives  
From Him whom His summers serve.

For I think how the low life-growths,  
In the shade of sorrowful years,  
Shall spell at last, 'neath the Father's hand,  
The “ Peace ” that is offspring of tears.

Peace for thy "Peace," dear heart ;  
Thy summer blossoms afar,  
And the tender green of its precious bloom  
No frosts of thy winter can mar.

Love will write "Peace" for thee yet,  
Each letter interpreting, when,  
On the love-red ground of His Passion 'tis set,  
With seal of God's changeless Amen !

## ENTERED INTO REST.

F. L. G.

**S**LOWLY, slowly, mute and tearless,  
Through the shaded valley's gloom,  
Step by step we followed fearless,  
In the dim, death-silent room.

Oh, to cross with *him*, the river,  
Shrunk to such a shallow tide—  
Surely, struggling, praying, clinging,  
We *might* pass it side by side ;

Side by side, the City enter,  
Side by side our darlings meet ;  
Stand before our Christ together  
On the City's golden street.

But behold, the shadows deepen ;  
Deepens, too, the rolling tide ;  
Looser fall the clasping fingers,  
Farther shines the other side.

Each *alone*! Ah, voiceless, breathless,  
Seems the soul already past;  
Will no word again o'er take it,  
Pierce it, fix it, once at last?

Then, "The Lord—the Lord's my Shepherd,"  
Flung at venture, o'er the wave,  
Caught and held the fleeting spirit,  
As on pinion strong to save.

Through the mist came backward floating  
Glad and strong and full of cheer,  
"I'll not want—not want forever—  
In the valley there's no fear."

Closed the mist again about him,  
Soft, slow wash of waves we heard,  
Onward went the fleeting spirit  
With this last, this happy word.

Instant to my raptured vision,  
Passed the wave—the silence o'er!  
Oh, the host beloved and sainted,  
Gathered on that other shore!

Oh, the gladness and the glory !

    Oh, the rapturous embrace,  
    Finding in the radiant City,  
    Each remembered, longed-for face !

Oh, the grace he falleth heir to,

    There beside the Father's Throne !  
Only this, my soul can utter—  
    *Joy for thee*, my Own, my Own !

Only mine, the lonely longing !

*Thine*, fulfillment—*thine*, release ;  
Only mine, the patient waiting,  
    *Thou* hast entered into peace !

## A NEW COMMANDMENT.

JOY and I awhile were strangers,  
Life seemed full of pains and dangers,  
When at Prayer's all-hallowed altar,  
Dropped as from some heavenly Psalter,  
    Into my heart this wonderful word—  
“Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !”

Stood my soul almost affrighted,  
Now bewildered, now delighted.  
Were then pains and dangers ended ?  
Was my soul to God ascended ?

Else how heard I that judgment word,  
“Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord ” ?

Spirit answered unto spirit,  
“Child, ev'n now thou dost inherit  
Peace and joy, and grace and glory !  
Thus grows large, salvation's story ;  
    Hence the commanding, life-giving word,  
‘Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !’ ”.  
(102)

Joy and I no more are strangers ;  
Life still bears its pains and dangers,  
But my heart, as it is bidden,  
Finds the deeper meaning hidden  
    In this quickening, wonderful word,  
“Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

## THE OLD GRAVEYARD.

EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

'TIS a quaint little sea-girt village,  
And in midst of its grassy street,  
At either end in the road's slight bend,  
The dead and the living meet.

There slowly we wandered at sunset,  
The long-gone days to repeat.

Then over the low stile climbing,  
The dead lay close at our feet,  
And it seemed not strange there was little  
change

From the quiet village street :  
For the past was but part of the present,  
As a flower in its fragrance complete.

Two hundred years seemed vanished,

Dim yesterdays were now,

And the first low mound in the hallowed ground

Lay fresh in the April snow;

And we fancied we heard in that ancient morn,

The bell's great heart throb low.

For their aged and faithful shepherd

The flock wept sore that day;

'Twas a humble name, unknown to fame,

Remote from the world's highway;

But a "pasture" he had been to his sheep,

So the stone's old records say.

And the Lord of the pastures knew him—

Ah! record so brief, so great!

What crown or sword like this potent word

When we come to the upper Gate,

Through which, long since, this saint passed on

To his heirship and estate?

Two hundred years! Swift moving

Through gates of birth and death,

The shadowy host long since have crost

The world of mortal breath;

Nor joy nor grief can once disturb  
The dust that slumbereth.

At each low grassy bollow  
The moss-grown headstone shows  
How young, how old, the name that is told,  
And the rest the Father knows ;  
For us it is shut 'neath the Summer sod  
And a hundred Winters' snows.

What then was the thought, we wondered,  
Of the quiet old dwellers here,  
Who thus 'mid the strife of their daily life  
Set death to interfere,  
And bounded the beaten pathway  
With the places so sad, so dear ?

Simple and reverent and thoughtful,  
Their earth and their heaven met,  
And that life on earth had eternal worth  
They never had questioned yet :  
For their faith each word accepted  
Where the Father's seal was set.

And they would that going or coming  
In their quiet life by the sea,

Their commonest thought might be ever in-  
wrought

With sense of eternity,  
That so when the Master should summon  
No haste and no terror should be;

Or mayhap 'twas a word familiar,  
Awaking nor sigh nor fear,  
And life went out with a grave, sweet thought,  
Like the going out of the year,  
And they wanted the whole dear household,  
Awake or asleep, to be near;

Or that haply dear eyes of a baby,  
If folded away in the night,  
Might softly rest without pain or quest,  
With the Father's door in sight,  
To wake in the last long morning  
With nothing of change to affright.

So musing and wandering, the twilight  
Fell softly down like a veil,  
And the shadows crept where but shadows  
slept,  
And the winds made gentle wail

Till they seemed like the long-hushed voices  
Telling the old life-tale.

Then back o'er the low stile climbing,  
Back through the village street,  
With tender face, "Oh, dear grave-place,"  
We said, "how near, how sweet !  
In the Life and the Resurrection  
Your sleepers and we shall meet."

## FULFILMENT.

IT was only last night that you went away,  
And to-day, how grand, how strange  
To you, with your sad, pathetic life,  
Is this sudden, silent change.

Ah, could you tell me just what it is like—  
This life you are living now !  
Are all your grand ideals complete,  
With the victory-crown on your brow ?

Has the old earth-conflict ceased within ?  
Are the surging waters stilled,  
Where your soul tossed yearningly back and  
forth,  
With its longings unfulfilled ?

I remember you wished for a wonderful voice,  
To utter your song like a bird's ;

I remember you longed, with a poet's heart,  
For a poet's cadenced words.

And with artist-instinct, you gazed through  
tears

That were born of despair and desire,  
At the world-famed miracles, color-wrought  
Of the artist's opaline fire.

Alas ! nor picture, nor poem, nor song  
Was born of your longing and tears,  
Yet bravely and sweetly, for God and the right,  
You faithfully stood through the years.

And only last night, came the heavenly call,  
And to-day how grand, how strange,  
At the end of your sad, pathetic life,  
Must be this marvellous change.

For to-day your song is immortally tuned,  
But its glory is born of your strife ;  
And your poem, is poem and picture in one—  
The story, the grace of your life !

## ON THE SEA.

OUR night is dark, the billows high,  
We toil in rowing, death is nigh,  
When o'er our storm-tossed Galilee  
Comes Jesus walking on the sea.

Then in our hearts of little faith,  
A new affright hath sudden breath ;  
We cry, "It must a spirit be,"  
And know not Jesus on the sea.

Then falls the tender, chiding voice,  
" 'Tis I—'tis I—oh, heart, rejoice."  
Whereat, grown bold, we pray to be  
Called unto Jesus o'er the sea.

But bidden come, behold our fear  
Again o'ercomes ; with danger near,  
We cry, "I sink ! oh, save Thou me !"  
Then clasped by Him we walk the sea.

He comes with us into the ship ;  
The winds into His leashes slip ;  
Calm grows our storm-tossed Galilee  
Since He hath walked upon the sea.

Then waves and fears and struggles o'er,  
No toil to bring our boat to shore,  
Where, in Gennesaret may be,  
Men hear of Him who walked the sea.

*They* call to Him through waves of woe,  
With trouble, sickness, sin, they go.  
*They* cry, "I perish—save Thou me";  
He straight treads down their whelming sea.

Thenceforth we follow where He leads,  
With Him seek out all human needs ;  
For, members of His body, we  
Must walk with Him on every sea.

With Him tread waves of sin and woe,  
With Him lay surging hatreds low ;  
Thus conquering each wild Galilee,  
We walk with Jesus on the sea.

## AT THE GATE.

THE Gates stood open one solemn night,  
And a Soul looked so far within  
That it gladly and earnestly said to itself,  
"Now surely I've done with sin.

"I've done with the earthly toil and pain,  
I may take the Angel's hand,  
For none could have such visions as these  
Save they who enter The Land."

But one came forth from the burning throne,  
Where angel and seraph wait,  
And, alas ! the vision faded away  
As he slowly shut the Gate.

Then the Soul sank down in a tide of grief,  
Turned back from the very door,  
Still barred from the glowing golden street  
Where it thought to sin no more.

“ So weary ! so weary ! Oh, dearest Lord,”  
Was its sad, regretful cry,  
“ I *cannot* turn back to the battle again  
When the victory seemed so nigh.

“ I am faint and spent with the wrestler’s  
strife,  
I lie as among the slain ;  
Oh, give back the vision and make it real,  
And open the heavens again ! ”

• • • • • • • • •  
What gleameth there to the yearning gaze ?  
What form is that at the Gate,  
With the human strain in the voice divine,  
So tenderly whispering, “ Wait ! ”

“ Dear, tired Soul, for the Master’s sake  
Turn back to the battle once more ;  
Thou hast faithfully wrought, and thy crown  
is won,  
But the conflict is raging sore ;

“ And the need is great of each keen-edged  
sword,  
Of each royal red-cross knight,

Of every struggle, the wide world o'er,  
That the King may have his right.

“ Wilt thou wait then awhile thy coveted rest,  
Wilt thou keep to thy loyal league ?  
So many trophies are thine to win,  
Though in danger and in fatigue.

“ Win other stars for thy lustrous crown—  
It were worth all toil and pain ;  
There is other labor for other worlds,  
But never a soul to gain.

“ ‘ Souls ! souls for the kingdom ! ’ the battle-cry  
Be this through the hottest strife :  
Thou wilt not grieve for thy transient loss,  
With such gain and glory of life.”

Then up sprang the Soul from the shining  
door,  
And forgetting its loss and pain,  
Went joyfully forth with the Lord it loved,  
And it fought with might and main.

By His side in the night, in the thickest fray;  
With a vigor most new and glad,  
Went the happy Soul without doubt or fear,  
In the heavenly armor clad.

And behold since that solemn, shining night  
The Gates have been ever "ajar,"  
And the eager Soul looks in when it will,  
Though its entrance be near or far.

“CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON  
HIM.”

ALL care, dear Lord? Is this Thy gracious word  
To me, so full of great and little cares  
In heart and life? I scarce such word can  
grasp,  
Or think it meant for me, who am so pressed,  
So wearied 'mid the hurrying throng; so sad  
Of soul because this one I loved has gone  
From voice and touch of mine forevermore;  
So filled with fear lest manna of to-day  
Last not till morning light; so sorrowful  
Because an unkind word, a chilling look,  
A change in one who loved, falls o'er my path  
Like shadow dense and drear; so overwhelmed  
With sore distress because harsh tongues of  
hate  
Have tampered with my clean white name and  
flung

Suspicion o'er my pure intent, and stained  
With strife and falsehood e'en my deeds of love ;  
So bowed with grief, because I have not kept  
Thy name above dishonor or reproach,  
Though truly loving Thee, as Peter loved ;  
Because my careless tongue hath uttered words  
That hurt another heart, or my cold look  
Hath fallen chill on one who longed for love  
And Christly help ; because my wayward feet  
Have walked where Thou couldst not beside  
me walk,

And my weak, faithless heart so often seeks  
Its treasure 'mid the things that please not  
Thee ;

And care above all cares that makes my heart  
So heavy-laden in the world's great work,  
Because so little fruit perfection finds,  
Because Thy white, white banner trails in dust,  
And enemies to Thee, with tongue and pen  
And sword, press hotly on, and fain would  
sweep

Our Christ from off His throne, and all the gates  
Of sin and wrath seem opened wide to pour .  
Along the very channels of Thy love

And grace their poison of destructive rage,  
While through the earth, so few, so faint, so  
cold,  
Thine own redeemed so feebly stem the tide ;  
Or here, perchance, with burning zeal,  
With torch aflame and heart aglow, they lead  
Some ardent hope, to fall beside the way  
With promise unfulfilled, and all the field  
Strewn thick with losses to Thy holy cause,  
Till heart doth fail, and quivering flesh doth  
faint,  
And cry, " How long, O Lord, how long dost  
Thou  
Avenge not Thine elect, or bring to pass  
Thy promise, waiting since creation's dawn ! "  
All these, my cares, dear Lord, and countless  
more,  
Dost Thou thus tenderly allure Thy child  
To cast on Thee ? Ah, sacred Heart, I know  
Thou bledst o'er all earth's woe and sin and  
death,  
But *my* poor little griefs, my one weak heart—  
Dost Thou indeed lean from Thy heaven's far  
height

'Mid all the homage of those countless throngs  
Who praise Thee evermore, to catch and bear  
The weight of such poor, foolish things as these  
I bring to Thee ?

Yet list, my soul, the words  
That fall so soft, so sweet, like blessed balm,  
From those most holy lips, "Much more"—  
"much more."

What is it that He saith, "Much more"?  
Oh, list !

"Consider thou the lilies how they grow,  
The tender grass that withers in an hour,  
The happy birds that fly thro' heaven's soft  
blue ;  
Do I not clothe and feed and care for all,  
And are not ye much better, ye, my own,  
Than these, and shall I not much more, *much*  
*more*

Thus feed and care for you, my faithless one ?  
Yes, *every* care, the least, the lowliest, cast  
On me. Bring unto me those blinding tears  
That fall because thy flower's garden-place  
On earth is vacant, tho' in Heaven filled,  
And I will so transform them into pearls

That thou shalt wear thy grief as diadem  
Upon thy brow. Bring, too, to me, that thought  
So anxious for the morrow's bread, and know  
That manna of to-day shall only fail  
When manna of to-morrow falls from heaven.  
Give, too, to me, that chilling word, and look  
Unkind, and changing love that break thy heart,  
And thou shalt see the beauty of thy King,  
Thy Father's smile in place of these. And  
bring

That fear of evil tongues, and I will hide  
In my pavilion safe and deep from strife  
Of tongues, my blood-bought child. And all  
the sins

That separate 'twixt thee and me ; that love  
Divided oft, that wandering heart, those feet  
That stray in devious paths ; those hands that  
strive

To draw from broken cisterns for thy thirst ;  
Those lips, that oft *against* the Crucified  
Bear heavy witness, bring them where my blood  
May on them fall, and leave no stain behind.  
And for thy work, oh, foolish, faithless child,  
Is not thy work the work for which I died,

And canst thou think I love it less than thou ?  
If sin and wrath pour all their tides abroad,  
Shall not they praise me ? Can I not restrain ?  
Shall not the victory therefore brighter shine ?  
If flaming torches that would light the way  
Expire ere day hath dawned, *I* still am Light.  
If ardent souls are slain abreast the fray,  
The martyr's blood is still the Church's seed.  
If like a flood the enemy break forth  
With breach on breach, the Spirit of the  
Lord  
Shall lift His standard where they rage, and  
sword  
Shall answer sword where'er they flash thro' all  
My mountains strong, and my eternal word  
Shall shrivel up their puny speech like straw  
In fiercest flame. Still, still, my trembling  
child,  
I lead thee on to conquest grand, complete !  
Oh, hast thou still one care, one fear, one doubt,  
Thou hast not breathed into my waiting ear ?  
Fear not, my little one, my chosen child :  
Thy Father's promise 'tis to give to thee  
His name, His kingdom, and His victory,

And neither height, nor depth, nor things in  
heaven

Or earth or hell, shall pluck thee from my hand,  
Or give one enemy foothold to *keep*.

Cast then thy cares on me—*all* cares of sin,  
Of grief, of fear, of toil. So folded close  
And deep within my perfect love, there thou  
Shalt learn what means thy Father's word of  
grace,

His sweet 'much more'!"



## MISCELLANEOUS.



## EPITHALAMIUM.

### A "SILVER WEDDING."

OVER the cloud-wrapt mountains,  
Over the river and plain,  
From the city's heart, with its tremulous thrill,  
To a sunny nest on the western hills,  
Greeting, and love, and acclaim.

For up in a lofty turret,  
—The great watch-tower of Time—  
The century-bell swings to and fro,  
Striking the quarter soft and low,  
With a ringing, silvery chime.

"Wedded and crowned," repeating :  
"Crowned and wedded long ;"  
Ring out ! ring out ! O century-bell,  
Thou hast never a happier tale to tell,  
With thy hundred tongues of song

Ring for the years in their passage,  
Ring for the day that has come,  
When the waving harvest of loving deeds,  
And of service given to Earth's great needs,  
Lies gathered in heart and home.

Swift-winged Thought flies backward,  
Over the years that are fled,  
And, standing far down the aisle of Time,  
She sees the completion of Love's sweet rhyme  
In a vision of two who are wed.

Bending her ear to listen,  
She catches—just begun—  
The wondrous strain of Life's great Psalm,  
As heart meets heart in holiest calm,  
Forevermore made one.

Steadily down the pathway  
She follows them year by year,  
While the Winter's glory, the Summer's bliss,  
The year's sweet Vesper and Spring's dream  
kiss,  
Glide on and disappear.

Forward through storm and sunshine,  
Hasting and resting, they fare ;  
While the shadows sweep on, o'er the dial's  
plate,  
Life's noon is past, and the hour grows late,  
Or ever they are aware.

But Memory smiles at the treasure  
Garnered within her grasp ;  
The golden grain from the tear-sown seed,  
The bursting sheaf for the up-torn weed,  
Bound with the King's own clasp.

Wrestlings and victories and losses,  
Songs in the night-time of grief,  
Glorious gifts from the vineyard's Lord,  
Of children's voices and heart's accord,  
And the peace that passeth belief.

Ring, then, O bell ! from thy tower,  
Our greeting of love and joy ;  
Our prayer for a blessing on these who stand  
In Love's own royalty, sweet and grand,  
A kingdom without alloy.

“Wedded and crowned,” repeating,  
So ring the years away,  
Till another quarter-bell peals out,  
With glad acclaim and triumph-shout,  
**The GOLDEN Wedding-Day**

## EPITHALAMIUM.

### A "GOLDEN WEDDING."

**A** RICH, glad, sunny-pinioned day,  
May's beauty lingering still,  
While June's dream-splendor soft and near,  
Falls trembling o'er each hill ;  
Was any June so sweet before,  
Or any time so bright,  
As June of fifty years ago,  
Just fifty years to-night ?

How wide that far horizon's sweep,  
How broad the flowery land,  
How every hope seemed but asleep  
To wake at slight command ;  
How flushed with all the joy of life,  
Strong, glad, and confident,  
With youth and love, twin gifts of God,  
Untried, ungrieved, unspent !

To-night the gates are all ajar,  
The shadowy doors unclose,  
And hosts of trooping memories  
Break through the long repose,  
Each laden with its gathered wealth  
Of lesson, gift, or grief—  
Each bearing on its silent breast  
Its own bright harvest sheaf.

Dear, honored ones, while happy thoughts,  
Like clustering doves of peace,  
Bring to your hearts this gladdest night  
The full years' rich increase ;  
We, joyfully, would steal within  
While doors are open wide,  
And pray you let our greeting swell  
The bright, o'erflowing tide.

And while we catch the echoing notes  
Of that far marriage chime,  
Which rings through all the varying songs  
Of all this happy time ;  
Our hearts would benediction speak  
Upon the coming years,

Wherein ye still learn love's sweet lore,  
And still share smiles and tears.

Hand clasped in hand in holy trust,  
And heart to heart unsealed,  
May He to whose most loving view  
The future lies revealed,  
Dwell with you on those blessed heights  
In peace before unknown,  
And soften every shadow on  
“Life's changeful canvas” thrown.

Here, then, in His sweet Beulah-land,  
Dear pilgrims, rest and pray ;  
While downward from the eternal hills  
Soft, solemn splendors stray,  
And angel voices whisper near,  
“When time this day repeats,  
At marriage supper of the Lamb  
Will be your happy seats.”

IN THE NAME OF OUR GOD WE  
WILL SET UP OUR BANNERS.

LIFT up on the mountains, O host of the  
Lord,  
With voice of the trumpet's acclaim,  
Lift up on the mountains our banners of light,  
And girded with strength, march on to the fight  
In our Leader's victorious name.

Bear on to the front our banner of Praise,  
In imperial purple arrayed ;  
For "glory to God in the highest" shall ring,  
As the army's grand choral to Jesus our King,  
Till all nations His own shall be made.

And Faith's banner, pure white, unfurl to the  
breeze,  
For she marches beside us at night ;  
She leads through the desert our faltering feet,  
And sings in the darkness, her litanies sweet,  
Of deliverance, triumph, and sight.

Then lift up the radiant banner of Hope,  
In her symbol-color of blue ;  
For clasping Faith's hand, Hope smiles like the  
light,  
And with beautiful prophecies follows the night,  
Like sunrise after the dew.

And Love in its passionate crimson, the Love  
That is greater than Hope or than Faith ;  
The glory and crown of the army below,  
The holiest strain that all Heaven can know,  
The grace that *abideth* in death.

Then lift up the heart, move onward with song,  
Our victory now draweth nigh ;  
Though the enemy's legions come in like a flood,  
Our "munitions of rocks" for ages have stood,  
And God's standards are floating on high.

## THE BRIDE'S OUTFIT.\*

THE clouds hung low in the Persian sky,  
Where gathered a little band,  
In sorrow and fear this word to hear,  
From the far, free Western land :

\* That saintly and now sainted missionary, Dr. Perkins, of Persia, used to say that he had never seen such simple, tender love and faith as existed among the Nestorian Christians. And such adoring gratitude, such heavenly uplifting as was manifested at their communion seasons he never expected to enjoy again, till he sat down to the marriage supper of the Lamb. These characteristics of the Nestorians are beautifully illustrated in an incident which occurred among them during the great financial panic of 1857-58 in America. Hearing of the crisis, which crippled every one of our great missionary societies, compelling them to retrench on every side and abandon some of their missions altogether, the Nestorian Christians, as Dr. Coan and Dr. Robinson have related, "instantly summoned an assembly to consider how they might act so as to bestow help the most quickly and with most force. The meeting was called to order by an aged believer, who began the conference by a distinct allusion to the costliness of their wedding ceremonies in those Oriental lands. He insisted that young people might be married in plainer costumes.

"'Now here,' he continued, 'is the Church, the Bride  
(136)

“ We've no more to give and no more to pledge,  
Distress and misfortune reign ;  
Men's hearts are failing them for fear,  
And the land reels with the strain.

“ Withdraw the workers from every field,  
Their books from the children take ;  
Retrench ! cut down ! remove ! disband !  
The outposts backward stake ! ”

Tears fell like rain 'mid the little band,  
When out spoke the leader old :  
“ 'Tis the Master's work and it must not fail,  
We may have both silver and gold.

“ But we have it only if loving hearts  
Are ready for crosses and pain ;  
Behold before us the blessed way,  
If but pride and self are slain.

“ Our brides go decked for the marriage rite  
In costly and brave array,

of our Lord Jesus Christ, and she is compelled to go unprovided for to her Master's palace ! Cannot we join hands to-day to give her a fair outfit ? ”

“ The figure seemed at once to arrest the imagination of those simple-hearted and loving Christians, and they took it up,” as here described.

In beauty of silver and gold and pearl,  
They shine for the joyous day.

“ But behold the Church, the Bride of our  
King,  
As she goes to His palace of light ;  
She goes in the storm, with her poor bare  
feet,  
In rags and scorn and despite.

“ Did ever a bride in such meanest array  
To so royal a husband repair ?  
Let us robe her anew, as befitteth the King,  
His Bride for His palace prepare.”

Then the loving little Nestorian band  
Caught the glowing Orient speech,  
And promise and pledge in beautiful word,  
Went quickly from each to each.

“ A ring she must have, a shining pearl ;  
It shall be my gift,” said one ;  
Said another, then, “ For her journey long,  
To shield her from storm and sun,

“She will need a veil—I will cover the face  
Of this fair, sweet Bride of a King.”

Still another spoke, “But she must not walk;  
A sure, swift steed I will bring.”

“Oh, Prince’s daughter,” rang soft and clear,  
“How beautiful are thy feet!

If she rides she must have the richer shoes;  
. They shall be for her station meet.”

In a grave, sweet way, still another voice  
Took the circling symbol up;

“The wine of the kingdom, so rich and pure,  
She shall drink from a golden cup.”

“And what shall she eat on the wearisome  
way?”

Said the leader, questioning still;

“The sweetest fruit of my vineyard,” said one,  
“From the sunniest spot on the hill.”

“Can a maiden her ornaments e'er forget?”  
(‘Twas the voice of a fair young girl),

“I will give my own for this queenly Bride,  
Silver, and agate, and pearl.”

“ I have nothing to give but a poor worn mat,”  
    From his poverty then spake one,  
“ But perhaps the Queen would step upon that  
    When her long day’s ride is done.”

Now, Mar Yohannan, their ruler, sat  
    In silence amid them there ;  
No word had escaped him, unless, perhaps,  
    He were saying an inward prayer.

Then the leader cried, with a piercing glance  
    On the royal guest cast down,  
“ Who gives for this daughter of a King,  
    And this Bride of a Prince, a crown ? ”

Then Mar Yohannan where he sat,  
    Upraised his princely hand ;  
“ Right royally, with a crown,” said he,  
    “ Shall the Bride go through my land.”

So the clouds were cleared from the Persian  
    sky,  
And the earnest Nestorian band,  
With their precious offerings thrilled the  
    heart  
Of the far, free Western land,

Where silver and gold, and wealth untold,  
Are heaped, and wasted, or stored—  
So much poured out for self and the world,  
So little for Christ the Lord.

Ah, surely, the Prince's beautiful Bride  
Goes crownless through many a land,  
Nor ring, nor veil, nor a golden cup  
Is offered from many a hand.

Ah, empty hands with never a gift,  
With sacrifice never the least,  
Will the King reach down full hands to you  
When He calls to the marriage feast ?

## THE INDIAN'S LAMENT.

THE story of his wanderings far and wide,  
An aged chief told to his Indian braves ;  
Of lake and river and broad ocean tide,  
And cities' ceaseless roar of human waves ;

Of stately dwellings, gay with light and song,  
Of churches grand, with heaven-reaching  
spire,  
Of music that could but to heaven belong,  
And broke one's heart with subtle, strange  
desire.

But silence fell upon him, when they asked  
What sight was wonderful o'er all the rest—  
What thing between the east and western sun  
The greatest marvel seemed in all his quest.

At last with voice that broke as if through tears,  
Yet bravely held its deep, pathetic chord,

He spake again, yet spake as one who fears  
Accusing unbelief of all his word.

“I went,” he said, “where churches stately  
stood

With ‘long-drawn aisles’ and arches up-  
ward thrown,

With carven symbol of Christ’s holy rood,  
And organ in whose heart praise was in-  
grown.

“There all my pale-faced brothers stood and  
said,

‘The Lord is in His temple—let the earth  
Keep silence.’ Then a moment bowed each  
head

Before the glorious burst of song had birth.

“Then in the Christ’s dear stead one spake  
this word :

‘Come unto me—find place upon my  
breast ;

My blood can cleanse all sin ; have ye not  
heard

I gave my life that ye might thus find rest ?’

" Oh, then within my heart such sorrow grew,  
I cried, " Oh, pale-faced brother, wise and  
great,

Why, why hast thou not told us long ago  
This wondrous word—now it is late—oh,  
late!"

" Late after all these weary, darkened years,  
Late for my people to find out such good,  
And oh, the late for those who knew but fears,  
As long ago they passed death's hopeless  
fiend."

And there the deep, grave voice to silence fell,  
Upon the breast dropped down the trem-  
bling head;

" This is the thing most wonderful to tell  
Of all I saw or heard," was all he said.

Then shadows fell upon each dusky brow;  
" Most wonderful they told us not more  
soon;

" Far late—such news to reach us only now—  
Ah, late," they sadly said, " 'tis long past  
now."

Within the forest shade they sat and grieved,  
None spake aught more but that one sad-  
dest word :

“ Late—late—past noon ”—alas, their *brothers*  
had received  
*Such* word so long ago—but *they*—*they*  
had not heard !

## OUR BETHLEHEM.

SABBATH in the Hebrew temple  
Dawned with rite and sacrifice ;  
From their places, priest and psalmist  
Watched soft clouds of incense rise.  
Then the golden trumpets trembled,  
Then the cymbals clashed again,  
While the choral throng, responsive,  
Caught the high, prophetic strain.

“ Unto us a Son is given,  
Unto us a child is born !  
Sing, O earth, rejoice, O heaven,  
Now is come the promised morn.  
Christ shall now have full dominion,  
Kings shall bow before His feet,  
Gentile lands be His possession,  
Every tongue His praise repeat.

Blessed she among all women  
Who this kingly child shall bear ;  
(146)

Praise Him, on the sounding cymbals,  
Praise Him, earth and sea and air ! ”  
From the court beyond the altar  
Broke there, then, a wailing cry,  
Where one, old and sorrow-stricken,  
Prostrate in her grief did lie.

“ Woe is me,” she uttered, sobbing ;  
“ All the years I prayed and wept,  
Hoping that for me this glory  
Somewhere in my pathway slept.  
Hoping mine should be the Christ-child,  
Mine the blessed motherhood  
Every maid in Judah’s borders  
Longed for, hoped, and understood.

“ But, alas ! the vision tarries,  
And I tremble to the grave ;  
Never mine can be the joy of  
Bearing Him who comes to save ! ”  
Then again her grief o’erswept her  
Like some tempest of the night ;  
But beyond still broke the chorus,  
“ Praise Him, all ye stars of light ! ”  
• • • • •

Gone, the music and the splendor,  
Gone, long years, the nation's pride,  
Where, in fullness of the vision,  
Christ was born and crucified.  
Yet behold still comes an angel,  
Silently through all the land,  
Lily of annunciation  
Holding ever in his hand !

Lo, within our souls the promise  
Burns in song forever new—  
“ Christ the Lord is born *within* you,  
Ye who my commandments do.  
Ye, my sister and my mother,  
High or low, o'er all the earth ! ”  
Oh, how throbs each heart of woman  
In the mystery of that birth !

Blessed she who, though not seeing,  
Yet with loyal heart believes,  
Through this spiritual travail,  
In her soul the Christ receives.  
Yet, like that pure maiden-mother  
On the fair Judean hills,

Each who truly bears this Saviour  
Wider prophecy fulfils.

Each is priestess at an altar  
For the world's despairing need ;  
Each some gift may cast upon it,  
Each some sacrifice may plead.  
Fervent love, like Christ's, outpouring,  
Each the tide of sin may stem,  
Till, to every soul, a Saviour  
Makes a new, glad Bethlehem.

## THE LAST OFFERING.\*

PLAINTIVE and tender the voice that  
was heard,

Yet it sounded through all the land :  
“ Now, who will go for the Lord,” it cried,  
“ Now, who in the breach will stand ?

“ For I am weary and full of years,  
And ’tis fit that the burden fall  
To stronger, brighter, heroic hearts  
Wherever the Lord shall call.

“ And my dark-hued children cry aloud,  
‘ How fast, how fast we die ;  
Oh, quickly, more quickly the Gospel send  
Where we in our darkness lie.’

\* The Rev. Dr. Albert Bushnell, for many years a missionary in Africa, returned to this country in his old age, hoping to spend here the remainder of his life, but finding no response to his call for a younger man to take his place in Africa, he sailed again for his mission-field, but died on shipboard almost within sight of his African home.

“ Now who will go,” again he cried,  
“ And who in the breach will stand ? ”  
Alas, alas, not a voice replied,  
Through all the heaven-blessed land !

Then he turned from the green and happy  
fields,  
From the graves of all his dead,  
From the longed-for rest, through years de-  
nied  
To the weary heart and head.

And he said, “ Dear Lord, I have naught to  
give,  
The years of my pilgrimage end ;  
Tired and stricken and spent am I,  
Yet none is there else to send.

“ Take *me*, my King, and with heavenly fire  
Touch Thou my lips once more ;  
Again for Thee, for Thee and for souls,  
I will seek that far-off shore.

“ For heaven is near, whether here or there,  
And I shall not lose Thy smile ;

And the few more months—it matters not  
If I be weary the while.

“ And I might, perchance, win another soul,  
One last glad trophy for Thee,  
One last sweet note in my joyful song,  
When the angels shall come for me.”

So, counting gain but loss for his Lord,  
His saintly soul toiled on,  
Till the sea was passed, the journey o'er,  
And the goal was almost won.

But nearer than even his thought, had been  
God's glorious heaven the while,  
And the gates were opened wide, almost  
In sight of his sunny isle.

Oh, surely, the song was a threefold joy,  
On the golden streets that day,  
When this martyr-soul in a glad surprise  
Passed up the shining way.

But loud from a lowly sacred grave  
On the shores of a far-off land,

Comes back the cry, "Who goes for the  
Lord,  
And who in the breach will stand?"

Oh, where are the heroes pledged to the  
King,  
To make this offering good,  
To take their lives in their zealous hands,  
And stand where *he* would have stood?

They tell a tale in "the Flowery Land,"  
Among their fables so old,  
How, to Pousa the potter, an order was given -  
A service of plate to mould,

More dainty than any had ever seen,  
For his sovereign's use alone;  
But he stood in despair before the fires  
Where his last best work was shown.

For naught was fit for the Master's eye;  
Yet would he *some* offering make;  
Then he cast *himself* on the glowing coals,  
Consumed for his monarch's sake.

But lo, when they drew him forth from the  
flame,

A wondrous burden they brought ;  
For such costly service never was seen,  
As from Pousa's self was wrought !

Oh, where are the glowing martyr-hearts  
Consuming at God's demand ?  
Now, who this day will go for the Lord,  
And who in the breach will stand ?

## THE MESSAGE TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES.\*

BEHOLD, He cometh with clouds,  
And they that pierced Him shall see ;  
Nor veil of tent or of temple enshrouds  
The presence no creature can flee.

\* The epistles to the seven churches, though full of poetic beauty on the very surface, require close and careful study to bring out the depth and wonderful significance of all the allusion and imagery employed. A merely casual reading gives no idea of the singular unity of all the parts, and of the exquisite adaptation of announcement, rebuke, praise, and promise to the condition of each separate church. As for instance, with Smyrna, the martyr-church, giving up life for the truth, to them is the promise of the crown of life. To Pergamos, holding fast truth in doctrine, but inclined to worldly compromise in practice, is the promise of the hidden manna in place of the idol feasts—an allusion to the pot of manna hidden in the ark in the Holy of Holies. Ephesus holds the faith, but is lacking in love. Thyatira is warm and loving, but corrupts doctrine. To Sardis, dead with sleep, Christ will come as a thief in the night. And, curiously, Philadelphia is the missionary church, before whom is set the open door of the world, as reward for her constancy, and upon whom is written the wonderful triune name. And Laodicea, most sharply rebuked of all, has also the most

With glory now compassed about  
In sevenfold splendor of light,  
'Mid the golden lamps, moving in and out,  
Majestic He walks in His might.

A King by the girdle's sign,  
A Priest, by the vesture, He ;  
While His voice with the might of a trumpet  
breaks  
Thro' the hush of the sunlit sea.

And behold, at that awful word,  
In myst'ry of star and of flame,  
In solemn recital, the Church of the Lord  
Stands forth in a sevenfold name.

Who hath ears, let him hear what He saith,  
For He cometh, the day is at hand !  
Strengthen every defense, and endure unto  
death,  
For ev'n *now* at the door doth He stand !

---

tender and beautiful promises, reminding one of the parable  
of the prodigal son.

To us, from and through these epistles, come the most  
solemn of warnings, the most appreciative of praises, and  
the most loving of promises.

Lo, that island of vision still lies  
On the breast of the sunlit sea,  
Nor thunders now tremble, nor voices arise,  
Nor any that answer there be.  
The churches lie barren and dead  
Where the prophet their record hath sealed,  
The books have been closed and their judg-  
ment is read,  
In sentence or promise revealed.

Yet, strangely, all down thro' the years,  
Stray echoes of long vanished strife,  
And thro' the earth's battles and sorrows and  
fears,  
Throbs the pulse of the Church's life.  
And still doth that mightiest voice  
Call singly the sevensfold name,  
O'er these to sorrow, o'er those to rejoice,  
With message of praise or of blame.

Still martyrs in Smyrna are sealed,  
Still churches Ephesian have breath,  
Blind Laodiceans still wait to be healed,  
And Sardis lies careless in death.

Who hath ears, let him hear, saith the Lord,  
For He cometh; the day is at hand!  
As of old, with the solemn surprise of His  
word,  
At the door of His Church doth He stand.

Oh, Ephesus, faithful yet cold,  
Where art thou, at voice of thy Lord?  
Thy patience and toil He hath tenderly told,  
And thy fearless defense of His Word.  
But alas, for thy glowing first love!  
The grace of all graces is dim!  
He standeth without, and His voice cannot  
move  
His Beloved to open to Him.  
Thou forsakest the gardens of old,  
Where once 'mid the lilies He fed;  
Oh remember, return, ere thy star from His  
hold  
Shall be cast, and thy light shall be fled.  
Lo, he that hath ears, let him hear!  
Unto him that shall thus overcome,  
Shall the gift of the lost Eden-tree reappear,  
In the glory of Paradise-bloom.

Oh, Smyrna, sweet myrrh for thy Lord,  
The Living One calleth for thee !  
In deep tribulation, by prison and sword,  
Thou sifted of Satan must be.  
Yet He knoweth the way thou dost take,  
Thou dove in the fowler's fell snare ;  
Accounting not dear even life, for His sake,  
Life's kingliest crown thou shalt wear.

Thou, Pergamos, holding Christ's name,  
Where Satan hath power and throne,  
Thou keepest the faith, yet not without blame,  
The world's easy sanctions hast known.  
Repent thee, and strive for the gift  
That shall crown such recovering grace,  
The wilderness secrets, their veil shall uplift,  
Thou shalt enter the Holiest place.  
And for feasts of idolatrous ease,  
Shall be sacrament-secret of love,  
And the shining white stone, with the name of  
His peace,  
Is *God's* secret—all secrets above.

Thyatira, thy service and love,  
Thy patience and faith are approved,

Yet thou keepest not truth as pure from  
above,

And false teachers thou hast not removed.

Behold, He searcheth the heart ;

Repent and stand fast till He come ;

Then with symbols of royalty, sceptre and  
star,

He giveth thee power and throne.

Oh, Sardis, dead Sardis, arise !

What word hath the Master for thee ?

Consumed in the sevenfold flame of His eyes,

Thy name and thy service shall be,

Praised falsely of men, as alive,

Thou art but dead refuge of lies ;

Except thou repent and remember and strive,

Thou shalt waken to awful surprise.

Yet even in Sardis—oh, word

Of surpassing and tender content—

He hath found a few names, hidden ones of the  
Lord,

With garments unsullied, unrent.

Out of Sardis, ev'n Sardis, His child

He will own in the presence divine ;

O'er the white robes of grace, by the world  
undefiled,  
Whitest raiment of glory shall shine.

Behold now the Holy and True,  
Who alone hath the Paradise key,  
Thy works, Philadelphia, hath in review,  
And findeth no blemish in thee.  
Thou little one, loving and pure,  
Thou hast thy peculiar reward ;  
To thee, He hath opened the wonderful door  
That gives thee the world for thy Lord !

Thrice blessed and happy art thou !  
Thine, thine is the mission most high !  
At thy conquering feet shall God's Israel bow,  
And worship whom now they deny.  
Lo, quickly He cometh ! Hold fast  
Thy patience, thy love and thy crown ;  
When the hour of temptation shall be over-  
past,  
He shall number and gather His own.

In that city, whose temple is God,  
They pillars of beauty shall stand ;

Thro' measureless ages they safe shall abide  
In the blessed Jerusalem-land.  
And such birthright of grace to proclaim,  
On them graved of the King's very hand,  
His God's, His City's, His own new name,  
In mysterious trinity stand.

And yet once again comes the word,  
Of solemn and chastening love.  
Oh, Laodicean, thy boast He hath heard,  
Thy works to reject and reprove.

Thou sittest at ease, as of old,  
Complacent in riches and pride,  
Neither fervent with love, nor with enmity  
cold ;  
Thou dost thus condemnation abide.

Poor, wretched, and naked and blind,  
He deigneth to counsel with thee ;  
Tried gold, and white raiment and vision di-  
vine  
He offers with tenderest plea.

With infinite longing of love,  
He stoopeth to suppliant place ;  
If to open the portal, thy heart He can move,  
He will enter with Eucharist grace.

Then glory, all glory above !  
The saints and their Lord shall be one !  
With her warfare accomplished, the Bride of  
His love  
Shall sit down with the Lamb on His throne !

\* \* \* \* \*

And after these wonders, behold,  
" A door was opened in Heaven,"  
And great alleluias of victory rolled  
Thro' the host of the much-forgiven.  
The voice of God's thunders broke forth,  
The voice of great waters swelled high,  
All kindreds and peoples, and nations and  
tongues

Were joined in one jubilant cry !  
Alleluia ! all blessing and praise  
Be unto the Lamb that was slain,  
For His marriage hath come, and the Bride of  
His grace  
Is faultless of blemish or stain !

Now glory and riches and might,  
All wisdom and blessing again !  
Praise ye Him in the depth, praise His name  
in the height,  
Unto ages of ages, Amen !

## HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY, HELD IN BALTIMORE, MAY 9, 1872.

THE whole wide world for Jesus !

Once more before we part,

Ring out the joyful watchword

From every grateful heart.

The whole wide world for Jesus !

Be this our battle-cry,

The lifted cross our oriflamme,

A sign to conquer by !

The whole wide world for Jesus !

From out the Golden Gate,

Through all Pacific's sunny isles

To China's princely state ;

From India's vales and mountains,

Through Persia's land of bloom,

To storied Palestina

And Afric's desert gloom ;

The whole wide world for Jesus,  
Through all its fragrant zones !  
Ring out again the watchword  
In loftiest, gladdest tones.  
The whole wide world for Jesus !  
We'll wing the song with prayer  
And link the prayer with labor,  
Till Christ his crown shall wear.

## THE VISIT OF THE MAGI.

**I**N an old Judean city,  
Years and years ago,  
Came a little Hebrew baby  
To this world of woe.

Wise men far away were waiting,  
Looking for a King,  
Who, though bearing Judah's sceptre,  
Peace to all should bring.

For through sweet old Persian story,  
Through Chaldean lore,  
Through far Araby's wild legends,  
Pondered o'er and o'er,

Ran the same dim thread prophetic,  
Which they sought to trace,  
Searching for some happy signal  
All the starry space.

While the very air seemed whispering  
Of this King divine,  
Suddenly across the heavens  
Streamed the wondrous sign.

Then with joy and exultation,  
To the lands afar  
Straightway followed they the vision  
Of the herald-star.

Spices rare and perfumes bore they,  
Offerings rich, of gold,  
Precious things and shining treasure,  
Costly and untold.

Night by night they journeyed onward,  
Heedful not of harm ;  
Cold nor heat nor desert's dangers  
Could their hearts alarm.

So at last, behold, fair Salem  
Glistened on its height !  
Surely in this royal city  
He would bless their sight.

Crowned and throned, with thronging courtiers  
'Round his palace gate ;  
Surely here must dwell their sovereign,  
High in princely state.

Eagerly they pressed and questioned :  
" Where is now your King ?  
We have seen His glorious herald ;  
Tribute here we bring."

None made answer. Guilty Herod  
Trembled on his throne ;  
Asked the priests : " Whence saith your  
prophet  
Christ, the Lord, shall come ? "

Then he called the eager Magi.  
" Find this child," he said ;  
" Then bring answer, that to worship  
I, too, may be led."

And behold, as they departed,  
Shone once more the star,  
Leading to the feet of Jesus  
From their land afar.

But no crown nor throne nor palace  
Had He there to show ;  
He was just the little baby,  
Born so long ago.

Yet the star had brought them thither,  
Not a doubt oppressed ;  
Kneeling there, most joyful worship  
Every tongue expressed.

Every hand held forth its treasure,  
Each heart gave Him throne,  
While their gold and myrrh and incense  
Crowned Him King alone.

Thus it happened in that city  
Years and years ago ;  
This the story of the wise men  
Seeking Christ to know.

Now no city holds or hides Him,  
Now we need no star ;  
Every child may seek and find Him,  
Going not afar.

Have *you* gifts to bring, dear children—  
Myrrh and spice and gold,  
Hearts of love and hands for service,  
Gifts of worth untold ?

Will *you* crown this blessed Jesus  
As your only King ?  
Give your life's glad, true devotion,  
Souls to Him to bring ?

Seek Him then, not like the Magi,  
Wandering far and wide.  
Earth is always close to heaven  
Each sweet Christmas-tide.

## FLOWER-WALLS.

## A TRUE INCIDENT.

"DARLING little girly,  
Won't she try to stand?  
Won't she, just one minute,  
Let go mamma's hand?"

• Just the tips of fingers then—  
Now! now stand alone!"  
Naught could tempt the fairy  
Into feats unknown.

Out here in the garden,  
('Twas the midst of June)  
Down we stood the baby  
In this bed of bloom.

Right amid the flowers,  
They as tall as she,  
Stood the child delighted,  
Clapped her hands in glee.  
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She thought, of course, the flowers  
Were like mother's hand—  
Strong to catch and hold her,  
So she dared to stand.

Sense of sure protection  
Like a body-guard,  
Gave the flowers bright and tall,  
Keeping watch and ward.

Ah, sweet little maiden,  
Faith is *such* a power,  
Though it only "make believe"  
Hold thee by a flower.

And I thought, like baby,  
We of older years  
Often lean on flowery walls,  
Letting go our fears.

Fears that sometimes blind us  
To our noblest powers,  
Till God gently sets us down  
In some bed of flowers.

## TO MY BIBLE-CLASS.

### A FAREWELL.

**M**EETING, parting, thro' the world,  
In and out we go,  
Here and there, with loving care,  
Precious seed we sow.

Gaining, losing, day by day,  
Each impressing each,  
Not a touch but in the end  
Hath eternal reach.

Thus my heart dwells thoughtfully  
On to-day's farewell,  
Pondering what the joy or grief,  
Eternity may tell.

Wondering what these precious hours  
Have for each outwrought  
Of upward growth, of holy life,  
Of consecrated thought.

Hours when Christ our loving Lord,  
Made our sweetest theme ;  
Hours when in our hearts His grace  
Seemed to reign supreme.

When with tender, happy tears,  
Penitent and still,  
Each young heart sent up its prayer  
For moulding to His will.

Ended now this sacred page  
In your life's fair book.  
Tell me, dear ones, now and then  
Will you backward look ?

You whom now my love enfolds,  
Grant that love one claim—  
With these lessons from the Word,  
Ever link my name.

That in all the years to come  
I may be to you,  
Only one whom Jesus sent,  
On your journey through,

Just to place one stepping-stone  
In the flowing tide,  
Which might help your eager feet  
Toward the heavenly side.

Let your consecration be  
Earnest and entire ;  
Let your building-work be such  
As will bear the fire,

Counting your most precious things  
None too dear to give  
To your loving Lord, who gave  
All that you might live.

So life's lesson-mysteries all,  
Will grow clear and bright,  
So heaven's glad good-morning ring  
After earth's good-night.

## CONSECRATION.\*

O H, day of solemn gladness !  
Oh, day of pledge divine !  
Thou seemedst unto risen souls  
True resurrection sign,

As in the sacred temple,  
The feast of love we kept,  
While even on the holy air  
Sweet benediction slept.

The calm, pure Easter lilies,  
Each one a Gospel rare,  
Drooped o'er the font's rich carven grace,  
Like saintly hearts at prayer.

\* Written on the occasion of the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, at the First Presbyterian Church, Auburn, N. Y., April 5th (Easter Sunday), when sixty-three persons, mostly young people, made public profession of their faith.

While grouped before the altar,  
An earnest, loving band,  
Gave up to God their glad young lives,  
And kept His last command.

The pure baptismal water  
Fell like a tender rain,  
As if to wash as "white as snow"  
Sin's heavy "crimson stain."

And with the sweet anointing,  
Each spoke on bended knee,  
The words that 'neath the lilies slept  
In blossoms—"Christ for me."

Thus went they from the altar,  
With vow and pledge and prayer;  
God, men, and angels, witnessing  
The consecration there.

And through the throbbing silence  
A wondrous song awoke,  
As if upon the Crystal Sea  
The waves of gladness broke.

As if the “many harpers”  
Caught up the joyous strain,  
With shout on shout of victory,  
For Him who had been slain.

Loud chanting “Hallelujah,  
Oh, Lamb of God, to Thee ;  
For these are Thine, and Thou art theirs  
To all eternity !”

Oh, day of solemn gladness !  
True Easter of the soul !  
Apart from all life’s other days  
Thou art, while days shall roll.

## ONLY FOR ONE.

**T**HOUGHTS, thoughts, thoughts,  
Like the restless waves of the sea,  
Wild as the storm, and sad as my song  
“O Love, come back to me!”

Away through the angry tempest,  
Out from the rest of home,  
Following, following evermore,  
Wherever my Love doth roam.

For the gray old year is dying  
In the night and storm and gloom,  
And I sit alone, without my Love,  
In this dim, forsaken room,

Where strange sounds break the silence  
In the pauses of the storm,  
And the fire burns low, and the shadows grow,  
And only my heart is warm.

For this same old year is dying,  
To that other, where'er he may be—  
This crowning year of the years of life,  
That gave my Love to me.

But hark ! I hear awaking,  
An infant year in its glee—  
I will sing it a song that will make it smile  
And give back my Love to me.

New year,  
Sweet year,  
Glad little child,  
Heaven-gained  
Unstained,  
Earth's undefiled.

New year,  
Regal year,  
Mounting to thy throne,  
Here I kneel,  
To thee appeal—  
Send my wand'rer home.

New year,  
Happy year,  
Listen to my plea,  
And ere the day  
Groweth gray  
Bring my Love to me.

Oh, the year in majesty smileth,  
Like stars shining down on the sea !  
Oh, the child-monarch showeth me kingliest  
grace,  
He bringeth my Love to me !

## MAYING.

HERE'S a little song, my darling,  
Written all for thee,  
Just because a happy memory  
Comes to-day to me;

Just because a soft, sweet picture  
Floats before my eyes,  
Which I fain would paint for thee, love,  
For to-day's surprise;

Just because a living poem  
Rings within my ears,  
Which I fain would set to music  
Perfect as our years.

This, my picture and my poem,  
As in missal old,  
Writ in rare and secret letters,  
Dashed with brush of gold,

Here it glows and speaks before thee,  
Listen now, and see  
If the glad translation answers  
To the text for thee :

Once two lovers went a-Maying,  
On a golden day ;  
All the future's rosy brightness  
Lit the sunny way.

Bird and tree and lake and mountain  
Offered incense up ;  
Fair May-blossoms shook their perfume  
From each trembling cup.

Down the rocks the silvery water  
Murmurously fell,  
As if it held at heart some secret,  
Happy tale to tell.

And these lovers, with their loving,  
Glorified each thing—  
Each took on some wondrous color,  
Painted on the wing. }

Oh, such vows, such looks, such **kisses** !  
Every bird that flew,  
Straightway to his mate repeated  
Every word he knew.

All the flowers smiled and nodded—  
*They* knew what it meant ;  
With *their* lover's ardent glances  
Warmly on them bent.

E'en the monarchs of the forest  
Stirred from winter's dream,  
When a little golden circlet  
Somehow flashed between,

Slipping to its place, was sealed **there**  
By a lover's kiss !  
E'en the very lake broke, dimpling,  
Into mirth at this.

Came the lovers home from Maying—  
That was years ago ;  
Tell me, sweetest lover living,  
Went'st thou Maying *so* ?

Oh, that time of dear remembrance !

Oh, rare-tinted day !

Sweetheart, come, we'll go a-Maying,

Like that other May !

## REVERY.

COOL and fragrant and soft the air  
That blows from the border-land  
Where memory dwells 'twixt the world of  
dreams,  
And the world wherein I stand.

A wind-harp, trembling through all its strings,  
Sways in that mystic air ;  
Sweet "songs without words," in lingering  
strains,  
Steal over those fields so fair.

Sparkling or tender, joyous or grave,  
They carry but one dear name ;  
The undertone, thrilling through all their  
chords,  
Forever and ever the same.

For far away in that dim sweet land,  
With memory lying between,  
In the world of dreams I knew him first,  
My Prince of the royal mien.

Though memory saith a time was once  
Where he did not belong,  
That world of dream, past memory's ken,  
Hath held him in story and song.

And to-night the path is radiant and clear,  
Far over the border-land,  
From the farthest verge of the world of  
dreams,  
To the world wherein I stand.

All its brightness is bright with him,  
All its songs are of love,  
And fancy bridges that inch of time  
Wherein he did not move.

The air that blows from that border-land—  
'Tis but breath of thine, my sweet,  
And the harp is this answering heart of mine,  
Trembling with love's repeat.





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